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## FAUNTLEROY VERRIAN'S FATE.

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BY HARRIET E. PRESCOTT.  
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### IV.

'SHE loves with love that cannot tire;  
And if, ah! woe, she loves alone,  
Through passionate duty love flames higher,  
As grass grows taller round a stone.'

At the close of the year, Fauntleroy took Sara home — a strange home, that consisted of three unruined rooms of an old and deserted tower, standing high upon the banks of the Rhine: damp, large and scantily furnished, the only luxury an organ which he had hired by means of real labor and penurious fare. Here, more at ease, he bent all his powers on another work, of whose value he felt every day more conscious as it grew beneath his plastic hand. The faults of his education were no longer apparent, but the wealth of a slower yet gorgeous and luxuriant development adorned the subject with the warmth and beauty of a tropical summer.

Rachel was then in the zenith of her renown. Fauntleroy had already seen and studied her in many impersonations, and tearing off all the airs and graces of Racine and Corneille, he reached thence the old Greek idea, which she embodied, and dressed it in the royal robes of his own imagination.

Now, whatever trifles buzzed discordantly around him, he wrapped himself in his mantle of sound out of their reach. This world of tone into which at length he had become utterly transported, barred him even from memory of the dazzling little Countess; his brief Dresden life became like a dream, he never gave it a second thought; he forgot its swift career, its torrent of passion, he returned to his old self, which was so splendidly changing into the psyche of his past chrysalid. If any love after this reigned in his heart, it was only the old, cool affection of his youth which had formerly shrined Sara in serenity. He entirely ceased to remember Fleur, nothing recalled her, she was as indifferent a thing for him now as any lady whom he had ever watched sweeping across the stage, as any mistress of romance could be, as any shadow long since dreamt in forgotten sleep.

Still Sara was his attendant spirit ; with all unused household cares she familiarized herself ; never sighed as she looked back in memory across the boundless sea to that home of love and comfort ; but at such moments he, regardlessly albeit, detected in the look that met his own only a fonder and more passionate consideration. Sitting always by his side with her sewing or her book, singing uncertain passages of his work as he hesitated at some evanescent tone, or but half-shadowed forth some hidden melody, she lavished upon him all the flower of her youth and strength and beauty. And he — did he in any way recompense this self-devotion ? Not consciously. It was pleasure enough to her to be near him ; but for him, though his manner was never less tender, his thoughts hardly waited on her ; and there is no woman who loves sufficiently skillless not to penetrate a hollow mask ; his eyes surveyed her, unaware of her presence, and he lived in a sphere only whose outer limits she might approach, yet without her he would suddenly feel himself lost, and demand her. By degrees only it was that all this became evident to Sara, and by degrees also a weight settled upon her heart, a blight upon her health. The terraces of vines in giant stairs beneath tossed all their gay beauty unperceived by her, the sky sprung in cloudless blue, without clearing the mists that hung round her ; the blossomed grapes grew half within and half without her domicile, and she hardly perceived their order. Long hours she sat motionless where he placed her, by the organ, while he interpreted what he had written, and never murmured till one day falling forward and fainting.

‘You are ill !’ he cried, seizing her.

‘No,’ she sighed. ‘I shall be better soon.’

He revived her with all his old tenderness and winning ways.

‘You are pale, you are thin,’ he said. ‘Where have I been, what have I seen that has closed my eyes to that ? This life is killing you ; tell me, is it so, darling ? How your heart beats, and your breath is quick ! that is not right. You must exercise, you must row and walk now, and remember you *must* be well, for who chants for me, dear love, but you ?’

‘I shall have strength sufficient for that,’ she answered.

He turned to the desk and rent in two a song which he had written, and the severed portions floated to the floor. Sara put out her languid hand and caught them, and hummed their mournful monody to herself. Fauntleroy stood in rigid silence compelled to listen :

Her brown hair lying on her bosom  
In waves whose jacinth hid the gold,  
Anointed her with mystic chrism  
From human touch — so fair, so cold.

A Sleep within her lids had nestled,  
Who, in the frosty air beneath,  
The glorious dreams her life had wrestled,  
Built up with slow and silent breath.

A Sleep whose filmy wings were folden,  
Whose crown was but a faded wreath,  
Whose pensive calm was rare and golden,  
A Sleep whose placid name was Death.

'Be silent!' he exclaimed at length. 'What music is there in that song of the 'Corpse?' It was a ghastly fancy! Let it alone!'

Now he dragged her dreadful leagues round the old feudal relics, and up and down hills that were shadowy in distant azure when seen from her window. Always she returned wearier. Then he procured horses, and together they ranged the regions round about, till all that had been once wrapped in mystery for her became as bare and dull as a fruit from which one has brushed the bloom. Sometimes he took her in a skiff upon the river, and roused all his gayety to cheer her, never in vain:

'LEONORETA, fin roseta,  
Blanca sobre toda flor;  
Fin roseta, no me meta  
En tal cuya vuestro amor!'

he sang to her in former and lover-like tones. 'You are better?' he would ask; and with both hands pressed upon her heart she assented. 'We will come often upon the river,' he continued, 'it does us both good, because it is alive and a chain to infinite things. When I slip my hands beneath these wet leaves that lie upon the stream, I touch also the long swells that break from the South Pole upon Ceylon and the Corrientes, as when I kiss you, my love, I believe to my heart I taste heaven!'

Nevertheless, this novel tender care wore off, and again she sat by his organ, the inspiration of a splendid selfishness. The time of which her father spoke had indeed arrived for Sara. Loneliness, frequent neglect and pain. But she remembered that a mind like Fauntleroy's, vivid and eager at every point, felt beauty more keenly, and was more sensitive to every shade of delight than it was for others, less sovereign, to be; and she felt herself blessed in that she shared a portion of the regard of such a nature. From a flame that flickers more dazzlingly at every wind that blows, one does not expect constancy. And while in her own soul she forgot herself through her love for him, she never conceived a bitter wish against the sacred art into which he suffered every treasure to flow.

It was another noon, warm and sweet in the early autumn, and Fauntleroy was trimming a grape-vine, when Sara entering their sitting-room at one door, beheld a little apparition entering at the other. So brilliant and blazing a thing, of such a voluptuous beauty, that Sara half felt it to be some impersonation of noon itself dropping from the heaven and assuming shape before her again. But it was Fleur de Coquelicot, as she remembered directly, Madame Fleur, who had developed with her life, and who now owned a splendor of tint and a richness of outline that her youth had scarcely promised. The little lady's eyes sparkled, she flew upon Sara, and having snatched her hands, kissed her, as always, first on one cheek and then another.

'Ah! my saint, my angel! Here you are, here in some castle of hobgoblins, hiding your voice, your glory! Robber! robber!' she cried, glancing now at the open door opposite where Fauntleroy stood holding up an immense bunch of purple grapes.

A rich scarlet flushed in the brown cheeks of Madame Fleur, and on her

juicy lips, just then; but with a demeanor unusual to her, she waited to be addressed.

'Robber? And why?' he asked lightly.

'Keeping to yourself what all the world should have,' Madame said, with half a pout that he drew no nearer.

'It is mine,' he returned, slowly approaching.

'Well, keep it then!—as long as you can. But the grapes, whose are they? *Ah! ciel*, what perfume! what richness! Does one find himself in the distilleries of Farina? Sybarites! you live thus—sun-shine, flowers, grapes, the Rhine, music, love—and never think of the poor world outside till we break through. But see! here I am! And help it, you! So, Monsieur, you do not go to greet me, to salute me!' And as he advanced, she gave him her hands, and then, after the fashion of the country, presented him her cheek to kiss. Fauntleroy bent and coldly touched his lips to the downy bloom beneath them, but Madame Fleur had melted icier statues than he was now, had melted even him once, and could melt him again if she chose.

'I have not seen you,' she said, 'since the New-Year.'

'I am happy to welcome you again, Madame,' said he, 'to acknowledge your hospitalities of last winter.'

'Do not speak of it. The pleasures were mine. But I shall not be in Dresden this winter, as last. In Vienna, whither Monsieur de Coquelicot is dispatched. And now we hear such glorious rumors, Monsieur—you only being interpreter, that I vowed to ask you! At least, all my friends, saying that I knew you in the dear days past, gave me no peace till I gave them my promise. *Allons. Ce ne sera pas ma faute si je ne le sais pas.*'

It seemed then to Sara that they had met since the noon in Paris, that Fauntleroy had been a guest in her house, that the gorgeous little beauty had even established a ground of familiarity and intimacy with him, warranted by the air of devotion with which at this instant he bent above her, though only to examine the jewel on her finger.

'It is the fascination of an artist's eye,' said Sara to herself.

'And what would Madame ask?' said Fauntleroy.

'This work—these papers of yours ——' And here her eyes danced about the room. 'Behold the great lovely characters! Like hieroglyphics Egyptian; Memnon should sing from them. These pages, that look as they were the chronicles of heaven; tell me then, Monsieur, these? What are they?'

'Music.'

'*Bah! Est-ce que je suis hébété?*'

'A reply were insolent.'

'*De mal en pis!* What then? We hear of an opera; is this it?'

'This is one.'

'The one then. And its subject?'

'Helen of Troy.'

'And it goes to appear? Soon? I shall hear it? And your charming wife there, the unapproachable ice-flame, will sing?'

'All without doubt.'

'*La tête me tourne de joie !*'

'Madame makes a circumstance of a trifle.'

'No, no, my friend. But I came to ask these things boldly, yet with a heart quaking to me, and now — *voilà ! je me tire heureusement d'affaire !*'

Here she made a *détour* of the room toward Sara.

'I go to depart,' she said. '*Tutoyons !*'

Sara smiled, and bade her farewell in the terms she wished, at which the splendid little moth fluttered back to Fauntleroy. 'And thou,' she said, 'tell me good-by. Some kind word, some look, thou stone ! that I may take it with me, and say *c'est à moi !*'

As Sara looked at the pretty tableau before her, it is singular that no instinct of jealousy overcame her. But she would have held a flower or star to be her rival sooner than this gay morsel of flesh and blood, half-impulse, half-art, on whom she turned as admiring an eye as another might turn. It was a different type of womanhood from any with which she had been in the daily encounter during her life, and charmed her by its grace and novelty and piquancy ; and still there was a certain bond of affection which bound her to the little beauty, on account of their mutual remembrance of another land. But in another moment, and while she yet gazed, the bright vision had seized the grapes and flashed from the place. A chime of laughter rang out below. Madame Fleur de Coquelicot's voice was heard proclaiming in triumphant tones her success, wheels crashed away upon the gravel, and all the joyous sociable sounds faded into distance.

But no emotion arising from the Brunette's visit was enough to rouse Sara or to teach any complication with other passions her simple element of love. Hers was one of those natures that do not brook rivalry, but fade and leave the field free. Whatever pleased her idol pleased her. So merely human a thing as suspicion or envy could not affect her ; the little woman left only the memory of any pleasant picture. Unconscious of any reason for her melancholy, never subjective enough to know that she was so, but full of self-reproach, she felt a stifling loneliness, but wanted the subtlety to distinguish it, or to detect through it her forsaken heart sinking to lower levels of listless despair day after day.

At last the opera was finished, sent, accepted. Paris was not to be the scene of his triumph, but Vienna, whose musical standard in its purity was thought to be the severest in the world. Here also he concluded an engagement for Sara, and then rested from his labors. Whether the opera succeeded or not, it was almost a matter of indifference to him, he knew he had vindicated himself, had satisfied his genius and his art, and had bound his brows with the immortality of achievement.

Not so with Sara. She believed fully in the virtue of the work, but she had believed as fully before, and now all the turbulent expectation was transferred to her. His ease, in her eyes, seemed to be apathy, and her very doubt stung her into renewed life and the dramatic power which she needed.

On the night of representation he sat quietly in the stage-box, careless, though somewhat pale, and never greeting the continual ovations with a single

smile or flush. The music was perfect. Passionate and despairing, bearing like a wreck the anger of Venus above the broad human under-current, it rose in the finale to an undreamed-of sublimity, and its weird strains seemed to shiver against the stars. Sara surrendered herself with a wild abandon to the character, poured electric force into her action, and in every movement, only one Grecian outline blending with another, presented a classic elegance and perfection that could never be surpassed. There was a demonic passion about her frequently as an artiste, she walked the stage like a statue possessed by a deity, it was the woman nurtured by Ægean summers, tortured by joy, driven of the gods to love and despair, and dying, so to say, in the vehement rebound of her sin. It was not her acting that conquered the cool criticism awaiting her, so much as her personality, not so much the actress as the woman, through her Euripides spoke to his Greeks. Such singing was divine, such ideas never before received, such music never written. Fauntleroy himself once or twice was swept away in the storm of adoration and joined its intoxicating chorus.

We all know how *Phédre* dies. We can all see the perfect head drooping on one side in the resplendent tiara; we all see the thin nostril dilate; the cheek grow paler and more dead beneath the transparent shimmer of the priceless veil; the long arm trailing across the sumptuous throne-chair; the dusky eyes sunken beneath the half-dropt lids; the parted shuddering lips; the awful light of death before the shadow falls; the frost that creeps over every feature, whitening and sharpening and stiffening them to a vacant rigidity, while the blank eyes open to stare after the vanished soul; and we all remember the solemn thrills that swept us as the curtain fell. How much stronger, how more resistless the spell, when aided by all the magic might of music, bathing each figure in a foreign atmosphere, and exalting the whole scene from the actual to the ideal and supernatural!

But Helen—sad Helen, Homer's Helen—is not *Phédre*. Neither does she die, but suffers a kind of apotheosis, becomes, one says, a witch, a water-sprite, a demon; that single and ominous bale-flame that lit on the prows of mariners sailing over sunny seas, and cursed them with sudden wreck. And not for this was the music written. To the heights of transfiguration, on the volumes of interfluent sound, the subtle currents of melody, the hearers had slowly ascended; and for such a scene as this last they were scarcely prepared, yet with enthusiasm received it as a dramatic surprise. Even one other half forgot that it was not in the score.

But Fauntleroy, an instant appalled by the terrible distinctness of the apparition, the next had sprung from the box, and was kneeling at her chair. The acclamations without the veil rose clearer and louder, composer and actress were demanded, and again and again the tempestuous summons rent the air fruitlessly. At last the manager appeared, but he only increased the disturbance. Vainly he strove to speak, mockingly and angrily they drowned his words. In despair he tore aside the curtain and revealed the confused paraphernalia of the stage, the frightened groups of performers, and Fauntleroy kneeling by the chair, her head and arm resting on his bosom, her face contracted, frozen,

sealed, beneath the stony palm of death. No wonder her power had carried them into another world, a dead woman lay in Fauntleroy Verrian's arms, and singing she had drawn them after her. To enrich his music she had poured her whole life into it, and the chords strung so tensely for the burden broke as they vibrated. Silence fell on the assemblage, one by one they stole away, and one by one the lights below were extinguished.

How long he knelt Fauntleroy did not know, only that finally others came, took her from him, and bore her away. Like a ghost he stood looking down into the black, empty, desolate theatre. 'Strength sufficient for that,' he murmured. It was his cue, but to how long and dreadful a part!

Ages to him, but probably not many minutes actually, had passed when he sought the manager's room, and demanded the copies of the opera. There was that in his eye which the manager dared not disobey; every copy was called in, and the pile placed before him. Scrupulously satisfying himself that they were all there, he flung them one by one into the glowing grate; and when the last ashes of this bonfire of his joys had fluttered up the chimney, departed without a word. As he turned a street, the glittering lamps of a chemist caught his eye, spreading richly-colored pavements beneath his feet. He entered, and when again pursuing his way he held in a vial a panacea for all his woes.

There was a moon in the heavens that night, a waning moon of sad gold, who hid herself and emerged again in wandering watery mists. Striding through the dimness as if at every step he would crush a purpose of God, Fauntleroy went upon his way. Suddenly he stumbled over some prostrate object, and suddenly a wind blew off the vapors, and the moon looked full upon him. He stooped mechanically, and gazed at the man below whose body had impeded his progress, then stooped lower yet, and lifted the head till he could pillow it on the curb-stone.

'Well!' said Fauntleroy with bitter self-composure.

'Go on!' muttered the other with a sparkle flashing up his already dim eye.

'You forbade me to know you when we met again. Shall I obey?'

'Always you shall obey!' was the reply as convulsed with shame and rage a crimson rill trickled through the lips of the prostrate man.

'How do I find you in this situation?' Fauntleroy asked.

The man waited, but unable to endure the calm look in the other's eyes, replied at length and with difficult sentences:

'My violin fed me. When my arm was broken I lived by chance. Chance did not feed me so well. And now I have starved.'

'You were too proud. Why did you not beg?'

'Beg! Leave me, I say.'

'Leave you. Then you would die.' And he knelt close, beside him and sought the pulses at his wrist and temples. 'I have killed my wife to-day,' he murmured, 'shall I also kill my father?'

'Go,' murmured the man with stifled tone. 'You are already killing me.'



Fauntleroy looked round for assistance. 'Go,' murmured the dying man again, 'the sight of you is torture.'

'Do I torture because you see that I am your son indeed? Do you mean that the sins of your commission live again in me? I but follow in your steps? I desert one love for another? I absorb lives for my own pleasure? I know remorse only when peace and hope and joy are dead? Dead!' he repeated with a loud vehemence of voice, and stooping again to lift M. Aubepin's fallen head, he found that M. Aubepin was also dead. He gave, for decent interment, a bank-note to the watchmen who came up at that instant, and strode on.

Reaching the room whence together he and Sara had issued radiant with expectation, he found her there before him, stretched on a snowy table, her white robes gathered in long folds to her feet, her hair trailing backward in an old-remembered way, and crowned with a wreath of misty azalia flowers; her arms were fallen from her bosom, and the long lily from the hands where it was placed. Prone on the floor beside it, half the night this bier, with its glorified corpse trailing her golden hair, seemed to sweep across his vision, borne by revengeful spirits through the air.

In the morning they found a symphony, closely written in score, on another table, the last leaf not dry, but Fauntleroy Verrian had disappeared, and taken nothing with him but the vial.

A few days afterward, a pageant more pompous and glowing than that of a Roman conqueror conducted Sara to her grave. Every device of music and art were combined to do her honor, the chief nobility mingled in the train, but the chief mourner was wanting. Mystery darkened his footsteps, and through all the search made for him he remained unfound.

When the excitement of this event had somewhat died away, the people of the flower-market became accustomed to the early visits of an old man—at least he so seemed—a gardener from the skirts of the city, who daily offered the choicest flowers for sale. He allowed the familiarity of no one, and apart from his trade spoke to no one, listened to no one. Before long his identity became suspected, his name whispered round, yet it made no difference to the old man. Many of the musical public waylaid him to question concerning his silence, to beg him to renew his vocation, but at a glance of the stern woful eyes returned from a fruitless errand. Even one gay, beautiful creature, whom once he knew, danced before him in her reckless caprice, and would have spoken, when a flash of sincere hatred and scorn withered and repelled her. He entered no church, he heard no organ, he attended no concert, he gave no lesson; he was like one who had forsworn his God and his country. His fingers never again drew their secret from the banks of keys, from that night of terror he had never heard the faintest murmur of a song, he had stepped entirely from the sphere of music, and but for the severe reticence and the concentration of his energies upon the mere fact of life, would have wandered about like one lost and witless.

Nearly nine years, since the tragical performance, had at length elapsed;



and in the same hall an anniversary of the death of a great composer was to be observed. So fair had been the life of the man whom they commemorated, so magnificent his works, so early and gentle his death, that the occasion was now less one of sorrow than of joyous recognition of his power. Thus in the floral garniture of the great hall a gorgeous profusion was to be apparent, and in the music the feast was to consist of the compositions of this one person, with the closing exception of such a dirge or funeral symphony as might be selected elsewhere.

Just at sunset of the appointed day, while they were still employed upon the decorations, the old gardener—in necessary obedience to an authoritative summons from higher powers than they—entered among them, bearing two immense baskets of the rarest and most beautiful blossoms. Nothing could have been more welcome, and owing to the lateness of the hour he was begged by those of the most audacity to delay and help them. In a few moments he had metamorphosed half their arrangements, done away with a hundred idle arches and festoons, and yet left sufficient trailed networks of most delicate creepers over the galleries, strung countless threads of fuschia from sconce to sconce, to toll out of scarlet belfries their indigo or silver bells; and amidst magnificent bunches of pomegranate blooms clustered the startled snowy cyclamen, and the light-green feathery sprays of the equisetum, till the aerial effect was complete. When all was through, the old man found himself continually detained by one pretext and another that it was impossible to evade, yet did not dream of any plot among the gay laborers to secure his presence. Having at last eluded them, he essayed the stage-doors and found them locked, returned to the main entrance and was refused exit. The audience were already flocking in, a *gendarme* stood at hand for a disturbance, and rather than excite a scene he took his seat among them, a most conspicuous place, but he hastily yielded as if there were a Destiny in the affair.

Of the concert it is unnecessary to speak, but the last piece was a symphony, against which stood the name: . . . Fauntleroy Verrian.

During all the rest the old gardener had sat silent with downcast eyes, not glancing at the performers, and only evincing his emotion by a seldom and involuntary shiver. At the pause previous to the opening movement of this, the silence of expectation was profound. Suddenly the old man seized a programme, read the name, gave a frightened defiant look around him, like an old stag at bay, and relapsed into his former quiescence.

One who heard that symphony interpreted, has told me of it. Majestic masses of sound, severe as Fate, and broken only by wailing violins, a faint melody of unutterable sweetness dropping quickly into the inflexible rigidity of the wood like a pale violet found and lost in dense titanic growths; with flutes rustling through a recurrent monotone of oboe and bassoon; the triumphant pathos of showery sound, the wild free flowing of the wind as the golden blare of horns opened the whole to a sea of harmony that rose and fell in long rhythms of rapture and distress, all so terribly and strangely imagined that he half-expected to see a phantom sweep forward and, seizing the sceptre of the conductor, hurry all things into chaos.

As the last sound crept into stillness, the pent-up admiration found expression, mad acclamations rent the air again, tier after tier rose clamorously, and turning to him shouted his name amid ecstatic applauses. All the orchestra, taking the infection, stood and bowed to him repeatedly, but heedless of them he sat passively: his hands crossed upon his staff, his chin resting upon them, the gray hair falling round his face, the wild eyes looking into dimmest distance. Nothing stirred him. Gradually a mighty movement in the tumultuous mass became apparent, the great living wave was surging on toward himself. They meant to bear him in their arms to the stage, where he should conduct and repeat the sounds in which he had once imprisoned all the misery of his existence. Suddenly he rose, towered his lofty stature among them all, flushed his haggard cheek with a vivid red, and his eye with an ancient fire, swept away from his brow that snow of only thirty winters, and with a kingly gesture passed out undisturbed from their midst.

Still in the environs of that European city lives the man whose years do not yet number a half-century. They let him alone now. One, mayhaps, who wanders over the sea from the clear air of the New-England home that informed the boy with strength and life, can see the old man, silent and wretched, bowed among his flowers, which alone remain to him of all his joys and cares. There is a grave not far away from his dwelling; on its mound none of these blooms are lavished; darnels and thistles and all rank green weeds cover it in their own luxuriance, but an aloe, that some year may burst into one blossom and die, alone stands sentinel for it. To this grave he never goes. He carries with him, one believes, a living grave.

Years may lose the name of his last work. It may be copied on the scrolls of the first among all those immortal brothers of the great free-masonry, but if we ever hear it, we shall know the Third Fate of Fauntleroy Verrian.

## SONNET.

SUGGESTED BY SOME FRIED OYSTERS.

FATLINGS of Neptune! delicately crusted,  
 What savory succulence your pores exude!  
 Methinks I love you better fried than stewed,  
 Or gridironed, like Saint Lawrence, or combusted  
 On red-hot coals, or raw with cayenne dusted:  
 Nathless I like you all ways, dressed or nude.  
 Tid-bits for Deities! ambrosial food!  
 Daintiest of dainties to the waves intrusted!  
 Blessed was the man who from an oyster's nip  
 His finger snatched, and sucked when it was free.  
 What rare sensations must have thrilled his lip,  
 And tickled all his physiology,  
 When, by auspicious torture made to sip,  
 His pain succumbed to speechless ecstasy!

JOSEPH BARBER.

## PARIS: AND LIFE THERE.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

## PART II.

AN artist-friend of mine used to relate, with graphic humor, a scene he once witnessed in a lonely swamp of Louisiana, the actors in which were several turkey-buzzards and a horse: the former unclean and awkward birds were perched on a rail; the latter noble animal was stretched on the reeking turf, at several rods' distance, and obviously in a dying condition. The funereal birds, eager for their prey, watched the horse with relishing glances, fluttering and gazing, all expectancy and impatience, while he continued motionless; but every now and then, when the poor beast, as if conscious of their purpose, lifted his head and looked toward them, with one accord they turned their eyes in another direction, and appeared absorbed in contemplating the distant landscape: but the moment that the dying horse, exhausted, let his head fall back upon the earth, the flutter of anxiety and the craving glances were resumed. This by-play continued for hours, until the noble animal expired, and the carrion-birds swooped to their fell repast. I could not banish this scene from my imagination, as I pondered the game of ruler and ruled in France; a mute and hypocritical vigilance on the one part, and a silent disdain on the other, until circumstances shifted the balance of physical force into the scale of fortunate ambition. In fact, the relation between an industrious and frugal people, such as constitute the mass in France, and the Government, is less intimate, less actual, less representative, than that of any other civilized nation. It has been truly said, that the government of Louis Philippe was not less one of centralization than that of Charles the Tenth. Normandy, Provence and Brittany were, politically speaking, as isolated from Paris in the one case as the other. The sphere of political action in this anomalous country has been called, with no less truth than humor, the 'lodging-house of so many travelers between obscurity and disgrace: ' one day the prominent guest is a military man, and the next a poet; to-day a financier and to-morrow a philosopher; what an incongruous rôle is that which includes the names of Neckar and Lamartine, Lafitte and Ledru Rollin, Cavaignac and Louis Blanc — not more so, indeed, as regards diversity of talent and views, than those which figure in English or American political history — but their exits and entrances, their sayings and doings, and their wide contrasts of character and theory offer an antagonism and dramatic vicissitude thoroughly French.

'Never did a nation,' wrote Henry Beyle, 'undergo a more rapid and entire change than from 1780 to 1823. The fool (*sot*) of 1780 produced stupid and insipid pleasantries; he was always laughing; the fool of 1823 produces philosophic reasonings: vague, hackneyed, sleep-inspiring; his face is constantly elongated. Here is a notable revolution. A society in which is an element so

abundant as that of the fool is changed to this extent, cannot support either the same comic or the same pathetic rôle; then every body aimed at making his neighbor laugh; but now every body wishes to pick his neighbor's pocket.'

Complicated indeed are the political elements which so many vicissitudes and philosophies have engendered in France; and when the stranger looks around him to recognize the Imperialist, Royalist, Republican, Parliamentary, Legitimist, or any other representative of a special phase of opinion, he finds it so fused and modified that the original and distinct type is often quite obscured. It has been truly remarked, that a revolution in France leaves behind it no such complete result as in other countries; the supremacy of the Capital blinds the observer to the actual sentiment of the country as a whole; and the mere news of an *émeute*, an abdication, or a usurpation in Paris, often produces more apparent excitement in the provinces than the fact itself does in the metropolis. One inference alone is clear from such phenomena: that the problem of labor, the rights of the *ouvrier*, remains practically unsolved; that there is an obvious limit to the efficiency of government of any kind, and the social evil to be removed lies deeper than its functions, and demands nothing less than a social regeneration; 'over one man,' says Carlyle, 'thou hast power;' and to the individual we at last resort, and perceive that it is his want of faith, moral energy, and genuine purpose, that in the final analysis explains what is fickle and unsatisfactory in the institutions, and the men that hold outward sway. 'Here in France,' said Comte to one of our countrymen, 'where we sit *tête-à-tête* with anarchy, it is the positive philosophy alone that can give us any safety; as for universal suffrage, it is founded on a cerebral deviation; rights of man! I deny that he has any rights; he has duties only; the doctrine of equality is an absurd and mischievous falsehood; the people care nothing about the electoral law.' 'One may be silent,' says Lamartine, 'with sadness and sometimes through patriotism, upon the problem of government.' 'L'Empire c'est la paix,' argued the defenders of the coup d'état. 'I care nothing for the opinion of the Parisians,' observed Napoleon at St. Helena; 'they are no better than wasps that are always buzzing; they are no more worthy of attention than an ape delivering a lecture on metaphysics.' 'He is full of intermediate qualities,' says an acute British reviewer in describing the *bourgeois* of Louis Philippe's reign, 'and aims at a kind of decorum in vice, making gold his idol, yet anxious for public esteem; lavish from calculation, good-natured from indifference, and sceptical from pure shallowness of intellect; unburdened by any principles, unshackled by good taste, narrowly cynical, selfish and vain.' When the philosopher, the poet, the quiet citizen, the ruler, and the intelligent foreign observer, thus speak of the social character of France, or rather its Capital, each intent upon the result of a different crisis of public affairs, ranging from the empire of the first Bonaparte to the present day, one would imagine that no actual good had resulted from the successive dynasties, popular agitations, and emphatic announcements of new principles; so hopeless, distrustful and barren are the united verdicts of such diverse yet important witnesses; such a conclusion, if applied to the realization of great political ideas or moral advancement, may be

correct; but the civic and the social life of a nation are not wholly parallel, and to rightly estimate the effect on the national character of such shifting governmental experience, we must have regard to the latent family and personal traits of the people; and visitors to Paris, at long intervals, find changes in domestic life and individual tendencies, quite as noticeable as those in the external aspect of the city.

*Il arrive souvent que la vie s'arrange comme un vaudeville*; but no where so frequently as in France, where dramatic scenes are normal; in political transitions, in juridical scenes, in social life — tableaux, crises, denouements, all the essentials of stage effect are continually evident; a certain union of vanity and expressiveness multiplies these phenomena as well as the external habits of life; and there is not a place of resort in Paris but suggests an episode of romance, or a scene in a play; the Jardin Mobile, the Chateau des Fleurs, and the Bois de Boulogne are so many theatres for life's tragic and comic phases: le Pays Latin has its heroism and its buffoonery, instinct with local traits not less than the Faubourg San Germain and the Palais Royal. The names of Parisian vocations, places and characters hint a play as those of no other capital can or do; and the most serious aspects of life inevitably wear a theatrical guise.

This dramatic aspect, which even the more serious political life of France exhibits, was illustrated by a signal contrast which appealed to my observation and memory. A few months prior to a visit to Paris, I had passed a summer week at Bordentown, New-Jersey, where Joseph Bonaparte found such congenial exile from 'the smooth barbarity of courts.' Any one disposed to question the philosophic content he manifested when perambulating the beautiful pine-groves of his domain at Point Breeze as, with hatchet in hand, he strolled through their fragrant arcades, and lopped away the dead branches, or entertained some foreign visitor at his hospitable board, should read the lately published correspondence between him and his imperial brother. The unaffected weariness and vexation therein expressed as the cares of state and the unwelcome orders of Napoleon elicit his incessant remonstrance, prove that his taste was allied to the enjoyments of private life and personal independence. Whoever has sailed down the Delaware with this amiable man, who literally had royalty thrust upon him, cannot forget the bonhomie and complacent simplicity with which he would begin a story, 'when I was King of Spain,' an exordium truly startling on the deck of the little steam-boat which in those days plied along the sluggish river, with its freight of republican citizens. Recalling his domain and my sojourn in Paris was indeed a magical contrast. The laurel trees were in blossom in the Jersey woods, and balsamic odors filled the air; the brown needles of the pine made the turf slippery; the maize stood in full and tasseled ranks in the field; huge sycamores and catalpas cast a dense and grateful shade; the roses of June made gay the parterres; squirrels ran along the fences; fire-flies lighted up the meadows at night-fall; cherry-trees were ruby with fruit; and the feathery bloom of the chestnuts waved proudly in the wind; old brick dwellings with Dutch porches, flanked by many windows, line the village street; and one is sentinelled by an

oak said to have been planted by William Penn: a Quaker silence and order seem to brood over the hamlet, from which you emerge into just such a park as diversifies English scenery, or ride through sequestered roads by patches of timothy, orchards, wheat-fields and hay-ricks. It was in the midst of these rural images and this quiet country that the villa of King Joseph stood: its appointments and surroundings hinted a curious mixture of Italian, English and French; a picture-gallery such as we find in the *palazzi* of Florence and Rome; groves and meadows like those of Cheshire; beds of undoubted Parisian garniture; mosaic tables of Tuscan workmanship; a French *cuisine*; and a household corps on the scale of European nobility; a freedom of access and kindness to inferiors, which might teach humanity to many an American *parvenu*; a library rich in continental lore; documents pertaining to foreign rule, and yielding materials for modern history on the same table with the last 'Philadelphia Gazette'; birds unmolested singing in the tree-tops, and rabbits flitting across the path as in the land of game-laws and poachers; these and other memorials of Joseph Bonaparte's sojourn, blended with that home and landscape, the associations of Europe, and vividly suggested the life of the throne and the camp, of the villa and the English rural seat, of the old-world aristocracy and the new-world country gentleman. But striking as is the contrast between that Bonaparte in New-Jersey, and this one on the throne of France, it was a secondary personage in the Napoleonic drama who now illustrated to my fancy the marvels of political vicissitudes.

Sitting in the tavern-porch of that American village, or roaming listlessly through the fields, with a dog and gun, might then be seen a lusty improvident, one of those characters who seem born to personify the 'fellow about town,' ready to join the first passing acquaintance in a drink, a bet, or an hour's gossip; good-natured and boastful, not without the lingering pride of the decayed gentleman, but of too social a humor, and in circumstances too straitened to admit of an exclusive taste in companionship. This free-and-easy representative of the first Napoleonic dynasty was no other than the son of Murat, that ideal of the melo-dramatic hero, whose brilliant attire and impetuous charges, humble origin and regal popularity, wild ambition and tragic death, form the materials for a medieval romance. The unadventurous scion of this gay warrior had married an American lady, who kept an excellent school in Bordentown, and maintained her self-respect, while she bravely struggled with poverty, and supported her idle lord. On Sundays, at the village church, the tall and elegant daughter, whose proud features and reserved manners seemed prophetic of a better fortune, won every eye. The gentlemen of the place used to lend Murat a few shillings at a time, and the tradesmen gave him credit to an extent which, it is said, some of them have repented; while he would often astonish his rustic neighbors by brilliant pictures of rank and wealth, should his family regain power in France—a thing so little imagined at that epoch, that he was considered an amusing visionary. With such reminiscences, it seemed indeed like a dream to behold him the central figure, and a most solid one too, of a little mimic court in Paris, where his levees were regularly attended by scores of Italian refugees, confidently anticipating that under



the title of Murat the Second he would, with his cousin's aid, assume the sceptre of Naples; how his state near the Tuileries contrasted with his lounging isolation by the Delaware! This little episode was so like the acts of a play, that it was difficult to note the line between pageantry and fact.

No one can observe the French without perceiving a certain uniformity of ideas and expression not elsewhere prevalent in civilized lands; for, although the routine of business and domestic life in England and America are singularly monotonous, the talk and the action of the people in both countries is individual: they use language and have opinions that indicate originality of purpose and character; whereas, on a given subject of popular comment, identical phrases and notions among the French strike the stranger by their uniformity. There is something organized, as it were, in the most spontaneous development of their social life; the three great elements of language, manners and temperament favor and develop adaptation and association; but the history and method of the nation tend to develop bodies of men, institutions rather than persons; for a long period there did not exist a class corresponding with what in England and America we mean by the people; but instead thereof, *noblesse* and *bourgeoise*, armies, schools. *Citoyen* became a proud appellation in Bonaparte's time, but it was a word that meant more in the utterance than in practical significance. Revolutions among the Anglo-Saxons have invariably brought to light astonishing moral forces in the mass; in France they have betrayed such a want thereof as often to reconcile philosophic liberals to the resumption of personal supremacy, and the abrogation of the rights of humanity, which her children failed to substantiate in their collective character; the effervescence of egotism and vanity proving the result of sacrifice and triumph, and leaving no solid basis of popular moral capacity whereon to build a safe rule. *Aujourd'hui*, says one of the recognized interpreters of modern life in France, *nous allons à l'aventure n'ayant rien à vénérer ni à croire*; and yet such is the moral contradiction bred from the social perversions and the native urbanity of the French, that their errors and excellencies of character and sentiment are inextricably mingled in a manner and to a degree impossible among Teutonic or English races; for the reason, that with their temperament and faith, sentiment and conscience, outward refinement and inward unscrupulousness cannot become so fused; and the principles and offices of life and humanity are too clearly defined by instinct, custom and education to admit of the moral incongruities so common in France. A striking illustration is before us as we write; one of the ablest British reviews\* analyzes French fiction to warn its readers of the perverse and unprincipled tone thereof; and this it does with intelligent emphasis; but critical justice obliges the reviewer to praise while he condemns; to recognize artistic and even moral beauty while he expatiates on the 'poison' contained therein; and the summing up of the case presents a combination of good and bad, true and false, pleasing and pernicious, such as no other literature in the world could hold in combined solution; and yet the delicate adaptation of language, the subtle sentiment, the sense

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\* 'National Review.'



of beauty, and the metaphysical grace of those writers unconsciously exhibits the *bizarre* union of the most opposite qualities; the harmonious juxtaposition of apparently most antagonistic elements of life, of nature, and of character.

'The inspiration of French fiction,' says the critic, 'the source from which flow half its deformities, its vile morality and its vitiated taste, is the craving for excitement that has so long been characteristic of the nation.' But to this generalized statement, so explicit and condemnatory, justice compels him to add: 'There are eloquence, pathos and fancy; characters of high endowment and noble aspiration; scenes of exquisite tenderness and chaste affection; pictures of saintly purity, heroic daring and martyr-like devotion.'

Such is the violent contrast which the written delineation of human life in France offers, and it extends to actual experience and to real character. Analysis there is, often irreverent though scientific; sentiment, morbid; art, meretricious; and the wonder and peculiarity is, that these patent and vital defects can coëxist with so much that is instinct with genius, insight and beauty, which, in our vernacular tongue, are embodied intact and 'unmixed with baser matter.' If an English or German writer is natural, he is not theatrical; if he is pure, he is not tainted; if simple, he is not meretricious; such diversities are represented by classes not blended in individuals, either in life or authorship. Akin to this inconsistency in fiction, is the coincident prevalence of libertinism and domestic affection in France; as a country, she is no less famous for gallantry than for filial devotion; the latter sentiment is a national trait. What Lady Morgan observed in Lafayette's household, fifty years ago, has struck *habitués* of French circles and readers of French memoirs, always. 'They' (she wrote of the children at Lagrange) 'are so polite and affectionate, and so unlike English children, that I am convinced the French character is more *physically amiable* than ours.' Nor is this winsome trait observable only in family life: it pervades the middle class, cheers student exiles, and makes cheerful many a heterogeneous and accidental household colony.

Nothing strikes an American more forcibly than, after years of sojourn in a busy, eventful city of his native land, where houses are demolished and people scattered every month, to find, on returning to Paris, the same faces round the *table d'hôte* of his old *pension*, and the same hearty greeting and amiable sympathy that made him at home there when a youth attending lectures at the Sorbonne or Hotel Dieu. In violent contrast with the essential humanity of this cultivation of the affections, whereof the casual relations of life so aptly avail themselves in Paris, is the utter absence of delicacy in the literary, artistic and social use made of experience in relations of sentiment or passion. An instinctive reserve, if it does consecrate, at least decently sequesters, these private and often profound episodes in the life of a German or Anglo-Saxon; and when they are reproduced by genius or in conversation, it is under a disguise which conceals the individual; but capital is made out of love and liaisons in Paris as habitually as by the rat-hunters in the drains and the *chiffonier* in the gutter; and that with a *sang-froid* and apparent unconsciousness of indelicacy which marks emphatically the difference between the intellect and the

soul, the intelligent and the emotional, and shows how in the Gallic nature they are consciously distinct and capable, as it were, of an alternation of function scarcely human. A notable instance of recent occurrence is the detail in a novel of an amour between two famous *littérateurs*, which ended in a quarrel and separation: first, the narrative and analysis of the fair object; then the other side of the story from one of the lover's kindred; and at last, a third exposition from a female admirer of the departed poet. No where but in Paris could such a literary experiment, such a sentimental *post-mortem* occur, with the clearness, the candor and the plausibility, but above all, the *abandon*, which these three novels of real life exhibit for the sneers or the sympathy of a curious public. One of their most popular bards advocated, through a long career, in eloquent songs, the theory that *Le bonheur tient au savoir-vivre*; and one would infer from the freedom with which all that is sacred in life and the heart, is discussed, revealed and analyzed, that there was no under-current to the solemn tide of 'the vast inland sea that brought us hither.' The external philosophy is complete; the niceties of observation and of arrangement, as far as material things are concerned, is marvellous; delicacy of perception abounds; delicacy of feeling is in the inverse ratio thereto.

The spectacle of life is no where else so comprehended, so significant, so essential; while the ideas, aims and sentiment that underlie and are supposed to be demonstrated by it, are crude, capricious, unreal. It has been truly said that the sympathies of the French with the American Revolution 'sprang more from a sentimental feeling than from a political understanding of the necessity and merits of the case.' A careful reader of the letters and life of Franklin will perceive that his success at the French Court, in his own and his country's behalf, was mainly owing to the shrewd use he made of what Byron calls 'entusymuzy,' and that other normal element of success in Paris, *la mode*. While in no civilized land are the distinctions of rank, circumstances and vocation more obvious both in nomenclature, costume, manners and the phrases in vogue; in none are they all so liable to be fused by an identical impulse, merged in a common idea. In Napoleon the First's day — at the crisis of his success — boys and women were as demonstrative for military glory as soldiers and generals. Each class, partly from an extreme social temperament, and partly from the effect of organization and centralization, whereby the economy of private and the administration of public life intimately act and react on each other, are found to partake of the enthusiasm, or the event of the hour, in a manner and to a degree never realized among more phlegmatic and less disciplined people. But if this is the result of a combination of intelligences warmed and moulded by capricious or intense sympathies and objects in the capital; the same mercurial natures when isolated, subjected to routine, kept apart from great interests, by the very lack of high individuality and deep resources, become singularly narrow, dependent and monotonous. Social life in the Province, therefore, offers the same extreme contrast to that of England, Germany, or the United States as the metropolitan; if the one is the excess of superficial brilliancy, the other is no less the excess of prejudice and pettiness.

Another striking evidence of the dramatic, the unreal in conviction and ex-

pression — as a social characteristic in France, is the incessant sacrifice of substance to shadow, of things to ideas, and of ideas to words; so that thoughtful observers can scarcely credit their senses when the Gallic mind or conduct is apparently in earnest. The excitement, the profession, the demonstration seem to answer all the purpose of the faith, object, fact; it is the exercise rather than the realization of a sentiment; the pursuit rather than the achievement; the 'show of things' rather than the 'desire of the soul;' to conform which two is, on the contrary, the desideratum of the Anglo-Saxon nature.

Thus concentrated politically and dependent socially, is it difficult to trace directly to life in Paris the great facts of French history as inevitable fruits of national character: such, for instance, as the single one stated by a late writer, that 'the French, with an army vastly more numerous than the English, is comparatively destitute of colonies.' And do not the same facts explain the prevalence in the French capital of that peculiar kind of life called Bohemian? So many resources and conveniences brought together and made available, with the absence of strong domestic proclivities and social reserve, not only invite but confirm that living for self and the immediate; that facile alternation from study to pleasure; that repudiation of permanent ties; that trusting to chance for diversion, knowledge, companionship, love; the gay, egotistical, urbane; sometimes fasting and sometimes *fêted*, sometimes ambitious and sometimes indulgent, but always *improvised* existence; half-artist, half-scholar, and wholly man and woman 'of-the-world' experience, which has been so well sung by a bard of this nomadic citizenship:

'THERE stands behind St. Geneviève,  
A city where no fancy paves  
With gold the narrow streets,  
But jovial Youth, the landlady,  
On gloomy stairs, in attic high,  
Gay Hope, her tenant, meets.

'There Love and Labor, hand in hand,  
Create a modest fairy-land,  
And pleasures rarely pall;  
Each chamber has its own romance,  
And young Ambition's frenzies dance  
Along the plastered wall.

'Enchanted cells of solid stone,  
Where hermit never lives alone,  
Or beats the moody breast;  
Where each one shares his bed and board,  
And all can gayly spend the hoard  
That never is possessed.

'Delightful battle-fields of strife  
Between the hot redundant life  
And boyhood's tender awe;  
Between the lecture and the dance,  
The lasses and the lore of France,  
The pipe and Roman Law.'

From this facility of entertainment and metropolitan vagabondage, results a kind of sensual egotism, which makes self-denial both rare and difficult. The

agent of a London Life-Assurance Company who visited Paris to dispose of policies, was astonished to find his arguments based on family claims laughed at, it being usually regarded as an excellent joke that a man should abridge his income to secure a provision for his kindred. The same cause induces a prevalent absence of strong personal convictions in the world of opinion; some casual suggestion, instead of individual thought, originates the ideas which are proclaimed as sentiments. It has been truly observed that 'many of the Girondists learned their principles while sipping *café*.' Earnestness and candor — those great conservative elements of character — are not readily fostered by this incongruous blending of the important and the trivial, the vain and the solemn.

To-day a memorial of the pastry-cooks protests against the encroachments of the bakers upon their *specialité*, with an elaborate argument drawn from history, enlivened by wit or adorned by illustrations, such as in other lands would only appertain to a political oration or a philosophical thesis. To-morrow the sale of a popular actress' effects; the funeral of a favorite author, or the requiem of a gifted *cantatrice*, will draw together the same 'loafing public,' as the next week may be excited over a fashionable raffle or promising stock-speculation. Of late, indeed, 'La Bourse' has been more than ever the nucleus of social interest, and as such, given dramatists a salient theme. Paris never was so mercenary: from the duchess to the drab, the shop-keeper to the dandy, all have their brokers; increase of luxury, larger need of cash, in a word, 'pecuniary considerations,' have done more to strangle incipient revolution than the army. Louis Napoleon owes to the industrial and the gambling interests of the French, far more than to his own sagacity, the unbroken sway thus far sustained; yet, with the latter safeguard, he works cunningly upon the prejudices and passions of the people, making old men exclaim, 'He is doing for France more than his uncle,' as they complacently examine a new vista of streets; and younger ones forget citizenship in pleasure at a baptismal *fête*, where the cannon of the Invalides recall Napoleon the First's victories; toile veils gracefully set off female charms, showers of *bon-bons* regale the mob, and the offering of the imperial infant at the font of St. Louis awakens old religious sanctions. To distribute gold to sufferers by a freshet, like the largess of ancient monarchs; to make a cattle-show fashionable, and gain shepherds' hearts by allowing them to blow their horns in the heart of fashion, *ad libitum*; to win the garter and a kiss from Victoria — while *Punch* declares that the very effigies of Pitt and Castlereagh shake their heads in dismay and indignation; to distribute ribbons; these and such as these expedients show how well Louis Napoleon knows how to cajole the idle and unthinking. It is no new phase of rule or of popularity; the writers who ushered in the first bloody revolution indicate the same traits and triumphs. The average life, amusements, language hint a liability to impressions, an abandonment to the immediate, which unnerve, diffuse — make volatile the temper and the aims; and so prepare the way for submission or indifference. Madame Dudevant's father, when a youth, wrote home from Paris, 'Le matin je vais au salon; de trois à six heures je dine longuement en bonne compagnie; le soir je vais au spectacle' — a pro-

gramme as true of to-day as then, of every prosperous young man's experience there — where still le théâtre est l'art qui résume tous les autres ; where each member of an audience 'assists ;' where each correspondent 'embraces' on paper ; where to walk and to dine, means so much more than locomotion and nutrition ; where the 'turning-box' of the foundling-hospital is in perpetual requisition ; where a lap-dog, a parrot, or a cigarette are essentials of domestic economy ; where grisettes — 'moitié abeilles, moitié cigales' — form one indigenous class ; and the 'Bohemian nationality' is a recognized social element of that Paris so vividly described by one of the most profoundly analytical of French romancers, as : 'Cette grande courtisane qui vous prend et vous laisse, vous sourit et vous tourne le dos avec une égale facilité ; qui use les plus grandes volontés en des attentes captieuses et où l'Infortune est entretenue par le Hazard.'\*

## A CHAPTER ON FROGS.

LINNÆUS imagined that Nature, which had endowed all other animals in so wonderful a manner, had not been so liberal with the reptiles. If beauty were the only or even the highest law in the formations of Nature, there might be something in this reflection. But some *Amphibia*, when studied impartially, cease to be repelling or ugly, and become even attractive. This is principally the case with the *Batrachians*, the most numerous of the amphibious animals, and to which the toad and salamander belong. A single toad lays over a thousand eggs ; a frog, five hundred, at least. They may become a scourge in the land. When Aaron stretched out his hand over the waters of Egypt, 'the frogs came up and covered the land,' filling the houses, bed-chambers, the ovens and kneading-troughs. Other historians beside Moses have related how whole tribes of people were compelled to leave their residence on account of the immense increase of these animals.† In nearly every zone they are to be found. In the tropical forests the bull-frog sends forth at nightfall his hollow bellowing, while a Lapland summer is not destitute of its croaking, marshy chorus. Eighty species of the frog tribe are now known, from the Bellower of Louisiana, nearly twelve inches long, to our common little tree-frog (*Rana arborea*) of an inch and a half. We need not mention those monsters which once peopled the slime of our earth, when it arose from the waters. The ancient Rabbis, whose views of Nature sometimes degenerated into grotesque monstrosities, speak of a frog as large as sixty houses !

Our chapter will be concerning the water-frog, (*Rana Esculenta*), the most widely-spread and interesting of all the race ; he is in fact a character, often playing no unimportant part in popular stories and fairy-tales, and sometimes with the poets. Who does not remember the myth of the frogs of Latona ;‡ and also the fable of their election of a king ? When Pisistratus had usurped the

\* BALZAC. † EXODUS S. PLINY, Hist. Nat. viii. 49. JUSTIN, xx. 2, etc. ‡ OVID, Metam. vi. 315.

Government, Æsop related it to the Athenians; the middle ages repeated this fable from the Latin authors, and hardly a poet but has used it; and in our day it has been worked into a political drama. Two thousand years ago Aristophanes brought the frog people on the stage; two thousand years after it furnished a welcome subject for one of the greatest German satirists, Fischart's 'Froschösch.' Another poem, in the Homeric heroic style, sings the battle between the frogs and mice. It has a long name, '*Batrachomyomachia*,' and appearing toward the end of the sixteenth century, was long a favorite book with Protestant Germany. When the Prussian troops marched into insurrectionary Holland in 1787, another '*Frochiade*' appeared, as if to show how inexhaustible the subject was. Thus has this race of animals obtained a place in poetry, beginning with fable and riddles and running the whole round of song.

The frog's dress is a genuine hunter's costume, green as the grasses among which he lives, changing its hue according to season and circumstances. With the foliage paler and darker, the little tree-frog alters his color, even every three or four weeks, so that he passes his time unobserved among the leaves during the summer and autumn. Several times a year his garb is entirely changed, and his vest so thin, if received on a sheet of paper, it hardly leaves behind a mark like that of a lead-pencil, still it is generally eaten by the frogs themselves.

We class the frogs among the comic types of the animal creation, from his resemblance to man. Who has not seen men with frog-like countenances? Such are generally beardless, with bald pates, short-necked heads, obtusely-shaped faces, partly flattened nose, with a wide mouth, receding chin, prominent eyes and puffed-out cheeks. Join such a physiognomy to a fair, round-bellied, abbot-like stature, and not a single feature will be wanting to perfect the resemblance. The eyes as well as the cheeks serve mainly to produce the likeness. Look at his eyes! They are unmistakably important, large, round, and in some species, surrounded by lids, their color varying from deep black to a flaming yellow, and to this fact a Greek author refers when he says the frog is an animal void of shame, and never blushes, save in his eyes. The iris of the toad's eye is most beautiful, really playing in its golden coloring. Like that of a cat, the owl and other nocturnal animals, it exercises the electric power. It is known that men who have endeavored to withstand the gaze of a toad's eye have almost sunk fainting to the ground, overcome by its piercing power. It is brilliant and intelligent, but harmless. Sir Joseph Banks states: 'I have from my childhood been in the constant habit of taking toads in my hand, holding them there some time and applying them to my face and nose, as it may happen. My motive for doing this very frequently, is to inculcate the opinion I have held, that the toad is actually a harmless animal.' It is a vulgar error, and an act of inhumanity to treat such a reptile with disgust or cruelty. Place one in a damp case, lined with mat, and feeding it once a day with worms or flies, and the toad will live happily and become an object of amusement and instruction, instead of disgust.

In the frog's head, the mouth is most conspicuous—it is an *Os magna*



*sonans*,' but having no lips, properly so called, it seems closed in silence, and is sometimes marked only by a colored line, and the under part of the chin, which is generally white. In his head, mere indications of a nose and ear are to be seen; and the head not raised upon a freely-moving neck, delicately joins the trunk. The hind-leg is lengthened to an extraordinary degree, and with its immense toes no other animal can exhibit so human-looking a leg as the frog. Then the formation of the bones and muscles is also the same as in man, the latter forming a perfect calf, while the nakedness of his body causes this resemblance to appear more strikingly. Mr. Frog is truly an *anthromorphite*. Who, when bathing, has not been reminded by the skilful swimmer of the green-coated paddler as he leaps from the bank with regular strokes dividing the water? To this very striking resemblance, a natural philosopher of the last century described the petrified skeleton of a frog of a former age, as the *bones of an antediluvian man*. He was a Swiss physician, and in 1726 described it to his astonished contemporaries as the *Homo diluvii testii*. Strange enough, for nearly a century this error was promulgated, until the far-sighted Cuvier recognized the truth. The learned philosopher's name was Tcheuchzer; and since then this remarkable fossil has been called 'Andrias Tcheuchseri.'

When, in the early spring, the sun sends down his first warm rays upon our earth, all the sleepers of the deep awake, and with them the frog. The winter sleep is over, and he beholds the golden light pouring through the bright mirror of water, now freed from its icy fetters: his heart expands, and stretching his limbs, he rises to the surface. Now he puts forth his obtuse-angled head, immovable as a stone, and stares upon the new wide world germinating in greenness around him. But he is yet faint and dumb, except some passer-by throws a stone into the water, which putting it into commotion, his locomotives then begin slowly to strike out. As the golden orb mounts higher in the heavens, the frog displays new energy: soon he is heard, when the strange chorus answers from the surrounding waters. What lover of the country is not familiar with this music? It is not the merry, rejoicing cry of the tree-frog, 'kek! kek! kek!' nor the hoarse croak of the toad, but a comfortable, broad, long-drawn tone, followed by piercing, quick peals of laughter, that you would imagine the merry company would 'crack their sides.' The musicians look droll enough, as they puff their cheeks while uttering these fervid sounds: the '*buffo*' is truly excellent.

An old superstition declares that the frog's cry forebodes pestilence, and the sleepless complain of his disturbing their rest: so did Horace, on the road to Brundisium:

'Mali culices ranæque palustres  
Avertunt somnos.'

Aristotle, too, pronounces it garrulous and foolish. St. John in the Apocalypse beheld 'unclean spirits, like *frogs*, come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet.' Some good critics apply this to Vespasian and his pretended *miracles*,\* but

\* Tacitus, lib. iv. c. 81.



others to *false teachers*. The pious Mussulman reckons the frog among his sacred animals, because he proclaims the praise of Allah.

What traveller does not remember the summer nights of our Southern States? On the extensive plain all life is asleep, when the lonesome deep groan of the moor-frog sounds from afar, like a summons from the other world; then on a sudden an agreeable tenor begins in the ponds. He summons others, as it were, to nocturnal prayers: around him sits the synagogue, and presently a deeper voice, evidently of advanced years, chimes in, then a third joins the chant, when the *recitative* begins. After a little while a pause ensues, when the precentor again sings his solo, some responses long-drawn following, then suddenly a topsy-turvy, hurly-burly from every throat bursts forth on the midnight air. This lasting some minutes, single solos follow in a minor key; but the scattered tones soon break forth again in the stormy chorus. An ardent lover of nature, it has been our good fortune to hear such music, lasting throughout the whole night, and hearing it for many miles. But this must be gentle music compared to the uproar which travellers relate, when, on the shores of the Caspian Sea and the Volga, in myriads, the frogs celebrate their marriage-festivals. It is a complete jovial Bacchic rejoicing.

The lady-frogs on these occasions have also a voice. When the sun begins to brood on the surface of the water, the female will sit beside her dots of spawn, floating by hundreds; and in gentle murmurs, not unlike the purring of a cat, she pours forth her maternal feelings.

The young are curiosities in nature, frog-novices merely, consisting only of a head and tail, and swimming about quite unprotected. At last, however, the tail is cast off by self-acquired strength, and, the *toga virilis* put on, they enter upon their frogdom. These too now delight in joining the noisy chorus of their parents, basking on the green banks with them. They idle away hours on the moist grass, yet keep a sharp look-out; or take a siesta among the bulrushes or the shady roof of the mushrooms. Hence these, with fungi, are called '*Toadstool*.' If a fly approaches, suddenly the curious sticky tongue darts forth, and the victim is caught. There is no chance of escape from the clammy snare, for in an instant it is drawn back. To the frog, as with most animals whose safety consists in flight, Nature has bestowed a most susceptible ear and hearing. Let only a footstep rustle through the grass, when plump! plump! the whole row leap and dive into the water, and swim from the shore. Now they feel safe, but as soon as the coast seems clear they return with noisy gayeties, or rival each other in all sorts of hydraulic tricks and pastimes.

Peaceful as the nature of the frog is, he has many enemies, and especially is the watchful stork the most dangerous to him at night. The crow too annoys him, and even men join in the persecution. To the epicure his delicate thighs are always dainties. One French cook, a cruel tormentor, in the time of Napoleon, realized from his peculiar 'frog-pastries,' a fortune of two hundred thousand francs. Even Science makes war upon him. How many does the knife of the anatomist dissect; how many breathe their last gasp under the air-pump's exhauster; and even upon the half-dead the galvanic battery exercises its powers.

Thus celebrated has the frog become in nature's catalogue. His wonderful transformations, from the fish-like egg to a Stentor with powerful lungs, are strange changes enough to attract the notice and study of man. We have read a good deal, and scribbled some, about the butterfly and its mysterious chrysalis, as beautiful images of Immortality, and so they are. Has not this little animal similar striking traits? He has, beside, a prognosticating sense of the weather, when Jupiter Pluvius will open the flood-gates of heaven, and when Phœbus, after cloudy days, will again ascend the skies in his chariot of gold. Thus he enjoys a kind of prophetic authority. In Northern Germany, the farmers say, when the frog croaks nine evenings following, there will be a good buck-wheat harvest; and Cicero, in one of his beautiful letters to Atticus, writes, (xv. 16 :) '*Pluvias metuo, si prognostica nostra vera sunt; rance enim βητορεούσιν.*' The Koran relates that when the Chaldeans had cast Abraham into the flames, the frogs kindly came to his deliverance, spitting into the fire and extinguishing it. Hence Mohammed commanded them to be respected, for having saved the Patriarch from a fiery death.

With the songsters of the fields and the woods, in the height of summer, the frog grows mute, concealing himself in his hole: the spiritual part of him falling asleep, the whole animal becomes changed. Here without fresh air or food, he lies and freezes, to be reanimated again, like a spring-born child of our earth. For the space of twice ten years, thus his life endures, between the summer's joys and a long winter sleep.

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## IMMORTALITY.

A BEAUTIFUL rose, on a bright summer day,  
Felt a worm gnawing deep at its heart;  
It drooped its proud petals and faded away,  
And scattered its rare leaves apart.

A beautiful life, on a beautiful day,  
Went out on a beautiful death,  
And a beautiful form of marble-like clay  
Slept beautifully — without breath.

The South-wind that passed while the fragrant rose died,  
Drank an unwonted perfume that hour,  
Then it swept in its way with a sweet, conscious pride —  
And the rose is an immortal flower.

The beautiful part of that beautiful life  
Floated up to the beautiful sky;  
And we feel in our souls with an infinite peace,  
That a beautiful thing cannot die.

J. H. ELLIOT.

## L I N E S

READ BEFORE THE 'LAUREL-HILL ASSOCIATION,' STOCKBRIDGE, MASS.

BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

I've bored you with one dream to-day, and little thought to bother  
Your patient courtesy, my friends, to listen to another :  
So if the tale prove dry and dull, do n't blame the shy narrator,  
But let your indignation fall upon the instigator !

Methought I'd wandered to a vale where Nature's nice selection  
Had, like APOLLO, harmonized each borrowed charm's perfection —  
The greenest hills, the softest meads, the clearest streams and fountains,  
And set the living picture in a frame of glorious mountains.

But sons of that 'first man of men,' who brought the curse of toiling,  
Soon found our Eden, and displayed *their* knack at garden-spoiling :  
They felled the warbling groves, and 'blazed' the mountain's silvan towers,  
And ruthlessly from hill and vale crushed out the sacred flowers.

The Dryads and the Oreads, shocked by such dire desecrations,  
Caught up their verdant skirts and fled their ancient habitations ;  
And left the spoilers to pursue their chopping and their charring :  
In short, complete their perfect work of universal marring.

But by-and-by, when things were grown almost beyond enduring,  
And Nature's wounds seemed past all hope of staunching or of curing ;  
There came a fairy to the vale, of most benignant presence,  
And gently wrought a genial spell upon the thoughtless peasants.

Her smile was like the softened sheen that plays on lake or river,  
When laughing ripples glance the shafts from Morning's rosy quiver :  
Her voice as musical as harps the summer wind just kisses,  
And witching as the lays that charmed the comrades of ULYSSES.

She taught them that the veriest hind may find sufficient leisure  
To nurse a sense of outward grace to thrill with inward pleasure ;  
And that in all the walks of life it is our bounden duty,  
So far as in us lies, to hide a blemish with a beauty.

They heard and heeded words that naught but clearest truth reflected,  
(Good taste, you know, ne'er wanted tact to make her lore respected !)  
And soon the hapless vale began to show a strange improvement,  
For apt disciples followed up, as *woman* led the movement.

To blots and blemishes alone the change proved comi-tragic :  
Old eye-sores vanished from the scene, as if by genial magic ;  
The barn no longer with the cot seemed elbowing for precedence,  
But promptly showed its sense of shame by orderly recedence.

The wood-pile stole behind the house, behind the barn the kine-yard ;  
The door-yard spurned its double use of milking-pen and swine-yard ;  
And carts and kennels, sleds and sties, those old front-court adorners,  
Slunk off and hid themselves away in proper holes and corners.

At last the old House rubbed its eyes, and saw how sadly shabby  
It needs must look in gabardine so weather-stained and drabby ;  
And thereupon it set to work with earnest perseverance,  
Like tattered wretch resolved to make a comelier appearance.

Old clapboard lesions straight were healed, old shingles sloughed their mosses,  
New panes, instead of scarecrow hats, made good the casement's losses ;  
And where the sun's rude eye, till now, had thrust its bold intrusion,  
Green blinds their friendly shadows dropped upon the cool seclusion.

Then came the painter's cunning hand, well schooled in high æsthetics,  
And presto ! tan and freckle fled before his brave cosmetics ;  
Till, like an ancient beau disguised in borrowed renovations,  
The old house scarcely knew itself in such smart decorations.

And vines were planted by the door, the woodbine or clematis,  
To curtain in the rustic porch, and drape the breezy lattice ;  
And trees of graceful form and leaf soon waved along all high-ways,  
And sent their verdant kindred forth to farthest lanes and by-ways.

So well, that e'en at highest noon, when summer fiercest blazes,  
And not a sylph in all the sky her cloudy sun-shade raises ;  
From end to end of that green vale, where'er his promenadings,  
One threads long alcoves fresh and cool with elm and maple shadings.

And whereas, erst, no habitant within those mountain towers  
E'er deigned to spend one kindly thought upon the friendless flowers ;  
There's not a cotter in the vale but will, by harder toiling,  
Find time to cherish these dear waifs of Adam's garden-spoiling.

Nor has his home-parterre engrossed his hard-earned leisure solely,  
He's fondly helped to grace the scene by human dust made holy ;  
Till pensive fancy, straying there, poor SHELLEY's thought remembers :  
'One almost fain might wish to die, to sleep in such fair chambers !'

More fair than ever, now that Taste, to rid the old-time triteness,  
Has clothed the brick-red church, hard-by, in robe of saintly whiteness ;  
And thus arrayed, it well may seem, to eyes of moonlit weepers,  
The fitting tent of angels sent to watch the silent sleepers.

And now the Dryads came again, and with them came the Muses,  
Whose blessed office is to teach that life's true aims and uses  
Are not best shown in heaping wealth, or multiplying acres,  
Or lending sacrilegious hands to Beauty's image-breakers :

But in the culture of the mind, the soul's divine emotions,  
Its faith and sympathy in all heroic self-devotions ;  
With reverence for genuine worth, no matter what the station  
Of him who thrills a human heart with angel revelation.

And just as Nature's face improved, improved her votaries' faces,  
Grown faithful mirrors to reflect her humanizing graces ;  
And gentle manners so prevailed, they wrought the dear conviction,  
That *here*, at least, the Golden Age was no poetic fiction !

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## SHAKSPEARE'S BRUTUS.

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BY HENRY T. LEE.

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'This was a man !'

WE often hear of grand old picture-galleries, through whose Gothic windows the mellow light of an Italian sun comes streaming in upon many an ancient picture, wrought by the skilful hands of the great masters. Thither throng the art-pilgrims from every land ; and as they wander through the silent corridors, within the soul-entrancing presence of an *ideal* humanity, and study with reverential zeal each creation of the painter's imagination, they forget the many weary miles of their pilgrimage ; and drinking full draughts of inspiration from the very fountain of art, yield themselves to the absorbing pleasures of an art-student's life. Thus would we enter through the majestic portals into the grand temple of Shakspeare's genius, wherein are gathered all those wondrous portraits which the great master painted in living, burning words of 'English undefiled.' Here, in the sparkling sunlight, we see the laughing loving Juliet ; there, in the gloomy shadow, the incarnate fiend Lady Macbeth ; here the 'jolly tun of flesh,' that mocking riddle, Sir John Falstaff, with his capon and his quart of sack ; there the noble-hearted Brutus, soul-sick and weary, surely working out his mournful destiny.

Christian, Pagan, Greek and Roman, kings and jesters, knaves and nobles, 'queenlie soules' of noble women, mobs of 'the sweaty night-cap,' airy sprites and 'tricksy faeries,' witches, ghosts and sea-nymphs lovely — all humanity, and the spirits to boot, find we in this magic world of Shakspeare.

From the motley crowd that throngs around us, we select for notice and development Marcus Brutus, the hero of the tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

It is as the hero of a *Tragedy* that Brutus claims our notice, and *that a Christian* tragedy; for Shakspeare is by preëminence the *Christian* poet. His tragic idea is not that of heathenish Fatalism, that represents the strong man relentlessly pursued by inexorable fate, and struggling with all the energy of despair against its invincible decrees; for with him, in the words of Ulrici, 'the tragic element consists in the sufferings and final ruin of the *humanly* great, noble and beautiful which have fallen a prey to human weakness.' The simple story of the 'young man whom Jesus loved,' around whose unspoken fate hangs such an air of ineffable sadness, contains the essence of the Christian tragedy. Sophocles, master of the heathen art, plunges his Œdipus Tyrannus into the blackest gulf of torment and despair, because, in obedience to the inevitable decree of the gods, he *unwittingly* kills his father, and dishonors his bed. But Shakspeare, the great creator, as well as the unrivalled master of the Christian art, makes his 'noble Brutus,' endowed with an almost perfect manhood, bring upon *himself*, by his own moral and intellectual weakness, the awful punishment of outraged justice.

The development of the central character of a play must of necessity be the development of the plot. So it was that Shakspeare wrote. One grand central thought expressed in the plot, and every other thought and feeling centering in that. One character, the incarnation of his grand idea, and every other character tributary and subservient to its development. Thus it was that he reared those mighty monuments to the lasting glory of his name, and the increasing wonder of humanity: not a part superfluous, not a stone wanting; stupendous as the Pyramids, beautiful as the palace of the 'Faerie Queen.' His genius was the architect. His characters are the outgrowth of his soul. And if it were permitted us to deify genius, most aptly would Emerson's exquisite lines develop our meaning:

'THESE temples grew as grows the grass;  
 Art might obey, but not surpass.  
 The passive master lent his hand  
 To the vast soul that o'er him planned.  
 And out of thought's interior sphere,  
 These wonders rose to upper air;  
 And Nature gladly gave them place,  
 Adopted them into her race,  
 And granted them an equal date  
 With Andes and with Ararat.  
 The hand that rounded PERER's dome,  
 And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,  
 Wrought in a sad sincerity;  
 Himself from GOD he could not free;  
 He builded better than he knew,  
 The conscious stone to beauty grew.'

When we speak, then, of Shakspeare's art, we speak of it so far as he himself is concerned, *objectively*. As we follow in his giant strides, there is revealed to us at every step an unconscious skill, of which, as he strode onward to his one grand thought, *he* knew not. When we look at the consummate art of Antony's oration to the people, it is *Antony's* skill that commends

itself to us, not Shakspeare's, for when he wrote that speech he *was* Antony. We hold it then to be treason against the high prerogative of genius, which is to play and not to work, to represent Shakspeare, as a writer in a well-known magazine has done, as WORKING out the acts of his plays: artfully striving 'to catch the fancy,' 'to beguile and attract' his audience: thus making him write *at* the people, rather than from himself. It is the mirrored image of his own littleness which this writer sees, when he brings the great master-builder down to the level of a skilful joiner. And his heresy is all the more heretical by reason of his constant lapses into orthodoxy, and the force and beauty of thought and style with which he places truth and error side by side. But of this more, perhaps, hereafter.

To every careful reader, the tragedy of 'Julius Cæsar' reveals itself as the triumphant vindicator and expositor of the Divine principle, Retributive Justice. Accordingly the grand thought or idea expressed is: Assassination and conspiracy are self-destructive. So the plot or story is: Brutus and his associates conspire against Cæsar, assassinate him, and reap the reward of their acts in violent deaths; while the tragic movement, as before enunciated, demands that our interest should be excited in Brutus as the possessor of high intellectual and moral endowments, yet fallen into sin.

This then is the problem which the creative genius of Shakspeare so grandly solves; to obtain for Brutus our deepest love and sympathy, as a high-souled and honorable man, at the very moment when he plunges his thirsty dagger into the bosom of his friend, his 'best lover,' who had not only given him life at the battle of Pharsalia, but had crowned it with honor and distinction. Clothed in the enchanting drapery of Shakspeare's genius, the midnight conspirator and noon-day assassin, the destroyer of his own God-given life, wins a high place in our interest and esteem. Let us mark how it comes about.

So far we have found Brutus only what every other hero of the Christian tragedy must needs be, one claiming interest and sympathy on the ground of certain qualities of mental and moral excellence; yet, trusting only in his own strength, fallen into grievous sin. But that does not mark him Brutus; so we proceed to a more particular development of his character by portraying those traits that excite our interest, as well as those failings that led to his downfall. And if our ideal be the true one, there belong to him three distinguishing characteristics that give tone and color to his whole character; and which, under the circumstances in which he was placed, inevitably made him the man he was; caused him to live the life that he lived, and to die the death that he died. These we conceive to be: an honest desire to do *right*, with a conscience susceptible even to morbidness: a deep and burning love of liberty, with the earnest longing that once again his country might enjoy its blessings: and that peculiar reflective temperament that led him to seek enjoyment and occupation in his own inner life rather than in the outward world; that fitted him to be the quiet student absorbed in the earnest pursuit of truth and in philosophical investigation, rather than the active, energetic public man; that made of him, in a word, the thoughtful, earnest philosopher, rather than the scheming, far-



sighted, sharp-witted politician and conspirator. To these we might add a fourth, though it would seem to follow as a direct inference from the third, the lack of that powerful, energetic, persevering will, so indispensable to the public man, who would guide successfully the ship of state over the surging billows of revolution.

Brutus was upright, honest and conscientious; a devoted patriot, a reflecting philosopher; much given to brooding meditation; totally unfitted by his temperament and life to take a comprehensive and searching view of political affairs; not much versed in human nature, and consequently easily imposed on; and not at all the man to be the head and front of a band of conspirators, whose avowed purpose was to overthrow the existing tyranny, and establish the freedom of the people.

Such is a rough sketch of our conception of Brutus, as Shakspeare represents him. True it is softened down and filled out in detail by a thousand delicate touches from the master's hand; but these three or four general characteristics we hold to have been the ruling powers of his life. We shall now attempt to prove this, in a comprehensive view of the action of the play, by showing that such a man as we conceive Brutus to have been must of necessity have thought and acted as Shakspeare makes him think and act.

But while we make this our principal object, let us also note the wonderful skill by which we are forced to love and sympathize with the erring Brutus, while we abhor and detest his crimes, and assent to the mournful fate that outraged justice metes out to him.

The play begins by introducing to us the Roman populace, but yesterday so zealous in the cause of Pompey 'that Tiber trembled underneath her banks,' at their 'universal shout' of loyalty and admiration; now eager in their new-found zeal to

— 'STREW flowers in his way  
That came in triumph over POMPEY's blood.'

The mob is evidently no favorite with Shakspeare, and for two reasons it is expedient that it should be represented in an unfavorable light. First, because Cæsar's great ambition to win the fickle favor of such a people tends to lower him in our estimation, thus lessening the odium of his assassination; and again, because being totally devoid of all true appreciation or love of liberty, they do not second the conspirators in their vain attempt to throw off the yoke, and thus insure the final ruin of the cause, so imperatively demanded by the whole design of the play.

Then we see Brutus watching in the bitterness of his heart the mad procession of the Lupercalians, with Cæsar at their head, and the servile mob with fickle zeal following at his heels. The wily, fox-like Cassius takes advantage of his mood, and stealthily inflames his mind, already excited against Cæsar. Note now the exquisite skill and tact of Cassius in this interview. He pretends to feel aggrieved at what he chooses to consider Brutus' late estrangement from him, which in a noble generous mind like Brutus' would naturally create the desire of disproving the insinuation by more than usual kindness, and would remove any suspicion he might have entertained against

Cassius, and convince him of the latter's devotion and friendship. Cassius then assaults his love of popular favor by assuring him that

'MANY of the best respect in Rome,  
Groaning underneath this age's yoke,  
Have wished that noble BRUTUS had his eyes.'

The shout of the populace at Cæsar's refusal to accept the crown, is improved by Cassius to obtain from Brutus an expression of his sentiments and purposes. And how marked the contrast between the two men as exhibited in their uses of the same word 'honor.' Brutus, using it to denote that nobleness of mind springing from inward principle, 'loves the name of honor more than he fears death.' While Cassius, in the spirit of the modern duelist, exclaims :

'I HAD as lief not be, as live to be  
In awe of such a thing as I myself.'

To the one it is a subjective quality, to the other an objective appearance.

After throwing contempt on Cæsar by the recital of his want of physical endurance and firmness of spirit, Cassius finally appeals to Brutus' ancestral pride in these suggestive lines :

'Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,  
There were a BRUTUS once that would have brooked  
The eternal Devil to keep his state in Rome,  
As easily as a king.'

The blunt Casca then, whose 'rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,' still farther brings Cæsar into disrepute, by his characteristic account of his triple refusal of the crown, and the abject and loathsome applause of the people.

Brutus leaves them, engaging to meet and speak with Cassius on the morrow. So the first wrong step is taken, and Brutus' doom is sealed: he listens and falls. From this his course is downward, and the tragic shadows thicken over him till they are lost in the gloom of black and endless night.

Cassius, the author of all his woe; Cassius, whose soul just now overflowed with tenderness and wounded feeling because Brutus gave him not 'that gentleness and show of love as he was wont;' Cassius, type of the serpent fiend, watches his victim as he hastes away, and exclaims :

'SMILING in such a sort,  
As if he mocked himself.'

'WELL, BRUTUS, thou art noble; yet I see  
Thy *honorable* metal *may* be wrought  
From that it is disposed.'

And so the plot goes on. Brutus is easily persuaded that he is the chosen instrument of the gods to free his country from her chains; and after many an hour of soul-anguish the one absorbing idea of his life sweeps all before it, and he determines to 'slay his best lover for the good of Rome.'

But there is no rest for him; the still small voice of his better nature is never silent; and this subjective conflict of right and wrong is in itself far

more fearfully tragic than the most desperate struggle with objective fate. Most masterly does Shakspeare describe this conflict when he makes him say :

'SINCE CASSIUS first did whet me against CÆSAR  
I have not slept ;  
Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
And the first motion, all the interim  
Is like to a phantasma or a hideous dream.  
The genius and the mortal instruments  
Are then in council, and the state of man,  
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
The nature of an insurrection.'

Then comes the mid-night meeting of the conspirators, at which the plan of action is arranged, and the time for the deed appointed. And a fitting night it was. They came with faces buried in their cloaks, 'through a tempest dropping fire, and the cross-blue lightning.' The lion glared upon them in the Capitol, and 'gliding ghosts' and 'men all in fire' walked with them up and down the streets. Even 'the complexion of the elements was favored like to the work they had in hand : most bloody, fiery and most terrible.' As they came, so they went into the 'cold raw morning,' their reeking hearts as black as the night from which they came.

Scarce had their retreating footsteps died upon the ear, when, as an angel of light after spirits of darkness, the 'gentle Portia' stood beside her lord. The introduction of Portia here is most exquisitely timed. Brutus has just identified himself with the faction, and assumed their leadership. The odium of treachery, ingratitude and murder is clinging to his skirts ; and this garden-scene with Portia is needed to restore him to our good 'apprehension.' The very fact of his being so loved by such an one as she, as well as his own noble language to her, excite our deepest esteem and sympathy.

Of Portia's character we cannot speak as fully as we would. Beautiful and pure, she stands before her humbled husband with the true dignity of wounded love, an ideal Roman woman, 'Cato's daughter,' 'well reputed,' and worthy of her lord. But her eulogy is best pronounced by Brutus himself :

'You are my true and honorable wife,  
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart.  
                                    O ye Gods !  
Render me worthy of this noble wife.'

Great and all-absorbing indeed must have been the struggle that could have made him fail in his wonted courtesy to such a wife. But her wifely bosom will take no repulse, and soon she wins him to his former self by the touching earnestness with which she pleads to share his burden :

'AND upon my bended knees,  
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,  
By all your vows of love, and that great vow  
Which did incorporate and make us one,  
That you unfold to me yourself, your half,  
Why you are heavy.'

The Ides of March, the mysterious time appointed by the soothsayer at the feast of the Lupercal, has come. The great Cæsar, soldier and philosopher though he be, is deterred from going to the Capitol by the portentous dream of his anxious wife. But when Decius tells him that

‘THE Senate have concluded  
To give this day a crown to mighty CÆSAR,’

his love of power and fear of ridicule induce him to change his mind.

The conspirators met him there, and with the words of arrogance and pride upon his lips, pierced by friendly daggers,

‘EVEN at the base of POMPEY’s statue,  
Which all the while ran blood, great CÆSAR fell!’

So was Pompey’s fate avenged, and so

‘Ambition’s debt was paid.’

And now, when Brutus is called to the management of affairs, his unfitness becomes most manifestly evident. He is too honest, and consequently too trustful in others, to deal with such men as Antony and the fickle mob. In the kindness of his soul he lets Antony ‘speak in Cæsar’s funeral,’ and as a consequence, the conspirators are forced to flee for their lives.

Of the speeches of Brutus and Antony, volumes almost might be written. Considered in *themselves* as representative ideals of eloquence and oratory, or in their perfect contrast with each other, they claim our most exalted admiration, as well as our patient and scrutinizing study. The speech of Brutus, written in prose — a most note-worthy fact, by the way, for Shakspeare evidently wrote with greater ease and fluency in blank verse — reminds us of our own Webster’s grandest efforts. It is the out-gushing of his inmost life, the expression of its ruling powers. He stands before the people for whose liberty he has shed the life-blood of his best friend, and is now ready to shed his own; and they despise the heavenly boon he proffers. His defence is calm, deliberate and weighty, as becomes a Roman senator; but withal, it has the resistless energy of an honest, life-absorbing purpose. It is a great speech, for it is the concentrated utterance of a great life. And thus, too, it was fitting that, in our own Senate-Chamber, when the Lion of the North arose to give utterance to the one idea of his great life, he should begin: ‘I speak to-day for the Union: hear me for my cause.’

The populace in their reception of his speech, are evidently more influenced by their good will to Brutus and respect for his character, than by its exalted sentiments; for in total disregard of its whole spirit, they cry out of Brutus:

‘Let him be CÆSAR.’

Antony finds them strongly prejudiced in favor of the conspirators by the speech, but more by the character of Brutus, and consequently extremely jealous of any attempt to disparage him. But as clay is moulded in the hands of the skillful potter, so he moulds their minds to the pattern of his own choosing. Soon those who before were ready to ‘bring Brutus with triumph home

unto his own house ;' 'to give him a statue with his ancestors,' and 'make him Cæsar,' now join their willing voices to raise the cry : 'We will be revenged ! Revenge ! about ! seek ! burn ! fire ! kill ! slay ! let not a traitor live !'

Admirably fitted was Antony to move the popular mind. A man of the world, a soldier of fortune ; accustomed to deal with the lower order of mind ; engaging in his address ; a polished speaker of consummate art ; wonderful in his knowledge of human nature ; having, doubtless, much affection for Cæsar, but knowing well how to turn it to the best account to give zest and life to the part he was acting. As an exquisite work of art, his speech is without an equal, and it is probably the finest example of rhetorical climax known. To enter here upon a full analysis of it, were foreign to the scope of this article. No more profitable study for the English scholar could be found. Every sentence is replete with interest, every word has its hidden store of wealth and beauty, revealed only to him who labors in the love of it.

But we turn to follow Brutus to his speedy and mournful end. The fatal deed is done, and Cæsar's blood cries from the ground for vengeance.

Now new actors are needed on the stage, and Octavius, Lepidus and Antony the soldier, with their followers, the avengers of Cæsar's fate, come forward to act their parts.

Brutus, the chief conspirator, for whose development all the others have their dramatic life. Cassius, his fellow-conspirator, bringing out in bold relief the sterling worth of Brutus' character, playing the part of tempter and false friend. Cæsar, the noble victim, by his own tragic fate enforcing, in episode, the grand moral of the play. Antony, the 'golden-mouthed orator' and reveling soldier ; with Octavius, the clever, weak and unprincipled demagogue ; all proclaim, though they know it not, the grand law of retributive justice : 'All they that take the sword shall perish by the sword.' Where is the lack of unity, or which of these, the leading characters, is superfluous or over-drawn ?

The same disastrous results still follow the course of Brutus, and mark him still more plainly as unfitted for his part. To make the matter worse, his mind evidently becomes diseased by brooding, as was his wont, over his troubles ; and the raging conflict in his breast is fast corroding the energies of his soul. When we add to this the distracting news of the suicide of his wife, we cannot admire too highly his forbearance and forgiveness in that justly noted tent-scene, in which he comes to words with Cassius. This link completes the chain that binds our sympathies to his fate. He is shown possessed of so much manly independence, and yet of so frank and generous a nature — confessing his hasty spirit, even when his inmost soul is wrung with agony — that if aught was needed to finish his conquest of our hearts, this completes it.

There is also now a peculiar significance in the conduct of Cassius. The two have become identified by a common sin and a common doom. Cassius, the instigator of the whole affair, has played his part, and failed of his object. There is no necessity, then, of the further development of the low cunning in

his nature. On the other hand, it adds greatly to the effect of the plot that his better traits are now shown us; our interest is excited in this heretofore hidden phase of his character, and so another element is added to the tragic end.

This softening of the character of Cassius is with Shakspeare a labor of love. So far in the play, there is scarcely a word he has uttered, a trait he has developed, that claims in the least degree our sympathies. The cold, calculating, deceitful conspirator; the embodiment of perverted intellect, or rather of sly cunning, he seems totally lacking in moral and social qualities. Such an one was demanded by the action of the play. But now his mission is fulfilled; and before he disappears from the stage, it seems as if Shakspeare hastens to throw the mantle of a kindly humanity over his cold, repulsive character.

And this trait of Shakspeare is evident in all of his creations. It was this that put the touching words, '*Et tu Brute?*' into the mouth of the dying tyrant; and that represents Antony as eulogizing Brutus over the dead body of Cæsar.

He seems to see in every fallen brother and sister of his race only what he himself might have been; and while he holds up to our disapprobation sin and error, he engages our pity and compassion for the sinning and the erring. None of his characters are either perfectly pure or perfectly depraved; in the best and the noblest are the traces of one common sin, and in the lowest and the most abandoned gleam here and there some lingering lineaments of their God. In all we are reminded of one common humanity, fallen yet magnificent in its ruins!

This view of the scene is abundantly borne out by the language of Cassius. It is evidently heart-felt; and when compared with that of his first interview with Brutus, shows an unmistakable change of motive. In the first he speaks the language of the head; in the last, the kindly speech of a full heart.

After this exciting scene, Brutus seeks the soothing influence of music to calm his troubled breast; and herein develops another engaging trait, very prominent in Shakspeare's characters. His treatment of the tired Lucius, who from sheer fatigue drops asleep as he plays the lute to him, most beautifully brings out his kind consideration for the feelings and comfort of his inferiors, at a time when he himself is bowed to the earth with his mighty load of sorrow. The music ceasing, he betakes himself to reading; when suddenly the ghost of Cæsar, the phantom of his diseased brain, appears before him. The memory of Cæsar, in very truth, is his 'evil spirit,' never leaving him, and continually asserting its growing influence over his fevered mind. He acknowledges this himself when at the death of Titinius he says:

'O JULIUS CÆSAR! thou art mighty yet,  
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords  
In our own proper entrails:'

and again the last utterance of his life is:

'CÆSAR now be still,  
I killed not thee with half so good a will.'

It is observable that as the tragic end draws near, its retributive nature is constantly alluded to by the avengers as well as their victim. In the meeting of the hostile generals it forms the burden of the burning reproaches which Octavius and Antony heap upon Brutus and Cassius. Cassius, as he dies, proclaims it:

‘CÆSAR thou art revenged  
Even with the sword that killed thee.’

Thus the leading ruling thought intensifies itself as it nears its perfect fulfilment.

The *manner* of the death of Brutus, so apparently contradictory to our conception of his character and to his own express declaration, claims our lingering notice. It will be remembered that on the eve of that disastrous battle Cassius says:

‘If we do *lose* this battle, then is this  
The very last time we shall speak together:  
What are you then determined to do?  
BRU.: Even by the rule of that philosophy  
By which I did blame CÆSO for the death  
Which he did give himself! I know not how,  
But I do find it cowardly and vile,  
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
The time of life — arming myself with patience  
To stay the providence of some higher powers  
That govern us below.  
CAS.: Then, if we lose this battle,  
You are contented to be led in triumph  
Through the streets of Rome?  
BRU.: No, CASSIUS, no; think not, thou noble Roman,  
That even BRUTUS will go bound to Rome!  
He bears too great a mind. But this same day  
Must end the work, the ides of March begun.’

Here, then, we have it as the fixed determination of Brutus most emphatically expressed, not to be taken alive. He probably intended, if the day went against him, to die, as a noble Roman ought, fighting in his armor.

We have also the expression of his philosophic creed on the abstract question of suicide. In the one speaks the high-toned Roman citizen and soldier, to whom death was sweeter than dishonor; in the other, the speculative philosopher, earnest doubtless, but still only the philosopher. And now when all is over, when he has fought his desperate way through the thickest of the fight and yet remained unhurt; when he has dared death, who, craven, had turned away; when his best friends have fallen before his eyes, his army routed, and Roman liberty gone forever; when his ‘brother CASSIUS’ had put an end to his own life, and his only choice is capture, flight, or suicide: is it to be wondered at that the man is stronger than the philosopher, and the honor of a Roman than a speculative creed? So, in the gloom of approaching night he plunges into the untried blackness that lies beyond.

A word or two of those errors for which he paid so dear a penalty. He erred morally, most of all in that great sin, the murder of Cæsar; but his whole life was a continual sin, in that he lived it for man and not for God; from this he reaped anguish and unutterable remorse. He erred intellectually,



in that he attempted to 'drag history in leading-strings:' he sinned against that great principle of political philosophy, that when a nation is down-trodden and oppressed, the *people* must rise in their majesty and trample the oppressor under foot; no clique, no party of conspirators, however honest, however patriotic, can ever do it. Liberty is too precious a boon to be won by proxy. He erred also, in that he comprehended not the signs of the times. Rome was degenerate; she had '*lost* the breed of noble bloods.' He was above the age in which he lived, and yet he saw it not. For these errors, these 'sins against history,' he was doomed to see the ruin of his cause, and his last fond hopes of his country's liberty extinguished forever on the bloody field of Philippi.

Here we must leave this fruitful subject, its beauties half-developed, its treasures all untold. As to the pale student of the heavens, through patient labor and unwearied vision, are revealed worlds above worlds and systems above systems reaching far off into immeasurable space: so to the earnest student of Shakspeare, who step by step, with pleasurable toil, gains his way into the universe of the master's mind, are revealed fresh worlds of thought and beauty, teeming with priceless jewels of knowledge and delight.

We have endeavored to confine ourselves to the unfolding of the character of Brutus, noticing only those points which mark most directly its development. Striving to shut our eyes to the myriad beauties that crowd our pathway, we have tried to 'keep boldly on' in the course we marked out. Of the philology of the play, an almost inexhaustible subject, we have said nothing, nor of the minor characters, nor of the up-growth of the plot in the mind of Shakspeare.

But we forbear, and leave our hero to the eulogistic eloquence of the 'noble Antony,' his honorable adversary:

'THIS was the noblest Roman of them all.  
All the conspirators, save only he  
Did that they did in envy of great CÆSAR;  
He only, in general honest thought,  
And common good to all, made one of them.  
His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up  
And say to all the world,  
THIS WAS A MAN.'

## L I N E S

SUGGESTED BY AN OLD GRAVE NEAR FORT PULASKI, SAVANNAH.

THE southern breeze has died away  
 On Fort Pulaski's bastioned wall ;  
 No ripple stirs the sleeping bay,  
 No sound except the sentry's call :  
     The heavens are bright  
     With starry light,  
 The moon rides radiant queen of all.

The shadow, by the rampart cast,  
 Falls on a grass-grown, nameless grave ;  
 Speak ! spirit of the mighty past,  
 Yield up your record of the brave :  
     His sword is rust,  
     His form is dust,  
 'T is yours his memory to save.

Perhaps some ancient faded form,  
 In years long gone or distant clime,  
 Gave him a mother's love, as warm  
 As ever blessed our childhood's prime :  
     O mother dear !  
     If thou dost hear,  
 Can mother's love be chilled by time ?

Perhaps in early manhood's flush,  
 Some shape of light, some household flower,  
 Gave up to him, with many a blush,  
 Her maiden heart, that priceless dower :  
     Could he arise,  
     Would not his eyes  
 Seek her in heaven to bless that hour ?

How fell he ? by resistless ball,  
 Or sabre-cut or bursting shell ?  
 What matters it to him, to all,  
 Who meet their death in doing well ?  
     The good and brave,  
     Who die to save  
 Their home and country, *they* can tell.

How sound he sleeps ! in storms, the surf  
 Rolls in long thunder on the shore ;  
 Each blade of grass that crowns his turf  
 Quivers before that earthquake roar :  
     His deadened ear  
     No sound can hear :  
 Trumpet nor drum shall call him more.

The deep-mouthed guns that frown above,  
And proudly guard the subject wave,  
Can stir no pulse of fear or love,  
Can wake no echo in his grave :  
His race is run,  
His prize is won :  
God's blessing on the sleeping brave.

O soldier on that fortress stern !  
Dreaming to win a deathless fame,  
What spot shall be thy funeral urn,  
What stranger hand embalm thy name ?  
For truth and right,  
Fight the good fight,  
March by the light of Freedom's flame !

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## GLIMPSES OF THE DANISH CAPITAL.

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BY ROLF ROMAYNE.

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THE home of Thorwaldsen, and the city where, amid the rocks which made him famous, the great sculptor is sleeping, contains food for more than a passing study. Already the first glimpse of it, as you enter the splendid bay, and afterward as the steamer rounds the fortress of 'Tri Krone,' (three crowns,) gives an admiring and favorable impression.

As you pass through the long lines of shipping of different countries which ride at anchor, the eye falls first upon the ancient ramparts, (the same that were shattered by the English in their bombardment,) upon the white promenade, with its tall trees at the edge of the water, upon the royal dock with its dismasted line-of-battle ships, and upon the city itself, with its numerous spires with their gilded balls ; and upon the noted buildings, among which the palace of the king stands prominent. When the steamer is within a few hundred yards of the quay, she swings around and takes her place among the other vessels, while from the stone steps which lead down to the water a miniature fleet of boats push out to her side to convey you to the shore.

You land amid a number of officials, some of whom conduct you into yonder great building, over which a crimson flag, traversed by two white stripes at right angles, is flying. The flag is the national ensign of Denmark, and the building it covers the Custom-House, through whose gates (after a due inquisition of packages) admittance can alone be gained into His Danish Majesty's capital.

Copenhagen, devoted, as it appears, from the beginning, to commerce—since the composition of its name 'Riöpen' and 'hamn,' would denote it to be the merchants' haven — although inhabited by a people of Northern race and cus-

toms, is nevertheless almost as gay a city as Paris itself. Blessed as it is with a delightful view out upon the harbor, and a fertile expanse of country beyond its walls, with theatres, museums and galleries of art; with a well-known university, fine music, and the hitherto unequalled garden for the recreation of the public, called the Tivoli; it merits the rank in polish, culture and refinement of the Queen City of the North.

The Tivoli just spoken of is the great feature of the city, which is not wanting in monuments of interest. In the minds of many it is the strongest link which binds their memories to days spent in Denmark. Many a Romeo has met by day his Juliet under the delightful shadows of the trees which overhang some of its pathways; and scores of happy pairs have paced its paths by moonlight to the sound of music artistically concealed by the foliage. But to describe it may perhaps be a more difficult task than to praise it.

It might suffice to say, that a company of gentlemen, having purchased a garden, through which flows a tiny river, have gradually been changing it to the charming resort, where aristocratic strangers and natives and the humblest classes of the people mingle unrestrainedly every evening with equal delight. Since it has been laid out, have been erected there in tasteful style concert-rooms, a theatre, a circus, Russian mountains, carrouseis, refreshment-houses, bazaars, fountains, shooting and bowling-galleries, in fact almost every thing to gratify the eye and ear of the richest and poorest, the highest and lowest.

The best means of understanding the truly unique and comprehensive plan of this establishment, is for the reader to suffer himself to be conveyed, if not in reality, at least in imagination, through it.

Crossing one of the bridges at the outskirts of the town, he will notice a high mast, crowned with flags of every nation, just emerging from the waving branches of tall trees in the distance. Were no cicerone at hand to impart the information, he might easily divine from the crowd of people going in that direction that he was near the Tivoli. Advancing along a shaded avenue, he sees at the left hand a gate, whose arch bears the inscription: 'Vauxhall and Tivoli.' To the right and left are ticket-houses, in the centre a barrier, on each side of which stands a boy dressed in Zouave costume, being a detachment from the Boy Zouave Guard, whose parades and guard duties are one of the features of the garden.

Paying the moderate sum of a marc, equivalent to about ten cents, and passing between these youthful militaires, whose arms have known as yet neither Magentas nor Palestros, you enter, taking to yourself as you do so a large square programme to which, rather bewildered by the sight of so many amusements, you are sure soon to refer. You may notice upon it: at seven, concert, first part; at half-past seven, pantomime; at eight, circus; at nine, theatre; at ten, a display of fire-works, etc. etc. Strolling then forward to obtain a general view and impression of the Tivoli, you perceive at the left in a kind of amphitheatre formed by the terrain a stage with all the accessories of a theatre. A little farther on is a pretty concert-hall, built in the Moorish style. In its interior, together with much other tasteful decoration, the walls bear the escutcheons of all civilized countries, among which the American sees

with no little pride the 'glorious eagle,' bearing the symbol (would that it so remained!) of all his mighty confederacy.

A sufficient space is devoted to the orchestra, under the direction of the popular leader, Lumbye, whose delightful 'motives' and dance-music are there certainly well appreciated and patronized. Chairs are provided for every one, and these concerts alone, where the audience is quiet and respectable, and where the music is interpreted by well-skilled artists, strangers often declare worth much more than the fee for admission to the garden.

Beyond the concert-hall are the banks of a little river, and boats with gay awnings, prepared to take you on a trial-trip down its waters. In the middle of the widest part is a charming isle rising in the form of a hill, with a concert-room on the top, which you reach by crossing a bridge and mounting through zig-zag paths screened with trees to the summit. At a short distance you notice the Russian mountains, one of the greatest sources of amusement to those who are not timid and love exhilarating motion. Before you, separated by a long interval, are two high wooden towers connected by undulating roads for small carriages, which, leaving the summit of one, first descend rapidly in curved lines some distance, rising then again by the impetus they have attained nearly to the top of the other tower. The mountains (there are two of them side by side) are so constructed, that while on the one side the wagons descend in swift succession, they are mounting on the other with equal rapidity. Much shrieking is at first indulged in by the female occupants of the vehicles, but their sterner companions generally succeed by their heroic examples in quelling their alarms, whether real or fictitious. These mountains are naturally summer imitations of those which restore warmth to the blood and animation to the spirits of boyards and mujiks in the depth of piercing winters by the Neva.

Near these is a circular inclosure, to which four outer passages give admission. If you chance to enter, drawn thither by some sudden outburst of applause, you will find seats arrayed in amphitheatre form, and in the midst perhaps some fair equestrienne, resplendent in rouge and tinsel, poised lightly upon the point of a satin shoe, and flying in graceful attitudes around the ring amid the plaudits of spectators, a great body of whom are enthusiastic students. The equestrian performances may not always be of unsurpassable order, nor the coursers endowed with the fire of the full-blooded Arabian, nor yet the accessories be in a line with those of the Paris Hippodrome, but the crowds of both sexes who fill up every available standing-place around the inclosure show that this open-air circus is not to be despised, since it is at least popular.

The little theatre near the gate is principally in use for pantomime. The Pierrot, who shares each night its performance with Harlequin, Columbine, etc., has the most sublime faculty of contortioning the visage we ever remember to have met with. It would go hard with either an American Indian, a Geneva pastor, or a Greek patriarch, if he were not forced into laughter by the outrageous leer, the knowing contraction of the eye, and the irresistible grin of this funniest of Merry Andrews. Also, thick persons are invariably taken with a fit of choking, thinner ones with one of ague, (provided they hold their ground,) while the faces of the younger *familie partes* expand in the most wonderful and delightful manner. Singularly enough, the individual who an-

swers for all this spasmodical cachinnation is afflicted with a profound melancholy. The people are considerably exercised about this person, although they say well, that in view of the number of necks he nightly puts in danger, his mournful feelings are no subject of wonder.

After this little theatre come in second line the concert-rooms, in each of which are songstresses who sing to instrumental accompaniment, songs in the Danish, Swedish, German, etc. Of course all are not equally good, and the little room on the island before mentioned seems to be more attractive than any of the others, partly from its delightful situation, partly from the beauty and talent of the vocalists.

Should you, however, after leaving the droll representation of Pierrot, desire to hear music rather among the trees than in the blazing gas-light, you may wander across the hill, where in a prettily-arranged grove numbers are enjoying it from a band, rendered by the thick shrubbery invisible. Several walks, skirted with bowers, and, in the centre of all, a rustic house for refreshment, afford in this direction pleasure to many a day-worn laborer, as well as many a refined beauty.

Reader, you will now suppose, after such a diversity of amusement, that you have exhausted the lists of entertainments at this garden, almost as productive as the lamp of Aladdin itself. It is not so. In addition to the final display of fireworks, which on remarkable occasions is a very grand one, you may yet see if you wish it the tombola, (lottery,) the menagerie and the aviary, not to mention the parachute ascensions, and other features introduced for the sake of variety; while if you should come on some ensuing evening you may yet discover some nook or corner which had at first escaped your attention. This is the much and justly celebrated Tivoli, the beau ideal of a public garden, neither inaccessible from its price nor unvisitable by reason of its vulgarity; the resort of all citizens, where even the king has sometimes honored his subjects with his presence among them, as we witnessed on the evening of his birth-day, when lamps of every color shed their light among the trees and from the buildings, and His Majesty sat down to a banquet to which all might purchase access. It is the means of passing agreeably many a long summer evening, and almost a sure meeting-place for friends and acquaintances, while it brings to the management a very large and gratifying revenue. So great even has been its success that the city was found able to sustain for a considerable period another similar and rival establishment, more euphoniously designated 'The Alhambra.' So that one of the most agreeable glimpses of Copenhagen is to be obtained within the walls of its Tivoli.

But it must not be forgotten that the city which affords this treat to its inhabitants religiously preserves in a museum, built around his tomb, the works on canvas and in marble of the great Thorwaldsen; that it contains a royal opera-house, a palace whose galleries of paintings are choice and extensive, a Philharmonic Association conducted by the composer Gade, and many relics of the olden glory of that nation whose prowess once subdued the Saxon, and placed its kings and queens upon the throne of England.

Of these, reader, you may hear, in a second glimpse at the Danish capital.

## THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

BY MARY FARQUHAR.

THE great wheel went round and round, as if it were a part of the universe, and could no more stop than the sun or the moon! The wonderful machinery which it set in motion went on clattering, clattering, whizzing, whizzing, cutting steel into ribbons as if it had been so much silk, and performing all those operations whereby various sorts of cutlery are manufactured.

The mill where my story opens stood on the banks of a brawling stream that runs down from the hills surrounding the town of G ——. The situation was picturesque, and the day very beautiful. The mild October sun lent a charm even to the rough stone buildings composing the 'works' of Blanchard and Company.

In front of the principal building a carriage drew up, from which stepped forth an elderly gentleman, dressed in an unexceptionable coat and spotless linen, and with a decidedly aristocratic air. The face of this gentleman corresponded admirably with his coat and linen. It was smooth and fair, with an expression which appeared to have been assumed at some previous period of life, perhaps when he was forty, and had not been altered since! It was affable though pompous. He seemed to be saying to himself, in a complacent frame of mind: 'I am Mr. Miles; I am worth a quarter of a million! But I remember with compassion that other human beings are not nearly as worthy or wealthy as myself!'

This gentleman was followed by three ladies, whom it is unnecessary to state he handed out with the most punctilious courtesy. The eldest of the three was of slight figure, dressed in widow's weeds, and looking care-worn and out of health. The second was the very antipodes of her mother, Mrs. Grey, who preceded her from the carriage. Tall, stout, showily and very richly dressed, with dark glossy hair and a brilliant complexion, she was all that we mean when we speak of 'a fine woman.' This was Mrs. Miles, the eldest daughter of Mrs. Grey. Last of all, springing from the carriage, and hardly touching the hand of her brother-in-law, came Mary Grey. She was as unlike the others as possible. Fair, fresh, hazel-eyed, with a face that changed like April from smiles to frowns, she seemed some delicate wild-flower in a bouquet of exotics.

The party whom I have been thus particular in describing were met at the door of the mill by the overseer. He inducted them into the counting-room, Mr. Miles meantime informing him that, intending to make an investment in the factory, he felt a curiosity to inspect with his family the machinery, and obtain some information in regard to the operations of the mill.

The overseer, a large rough man, with a very red face, expressed his readiness to oblige Mr. Miles; and opening a small window communicating with



the interior of the building, he called in a peremptory voice for 'Steele, John Steele.'

In a few minutes a man appeared in his shirt-sleeves, which he began pulling down over his large muscular hands, when he perceived there were ladies present. The overseer, slightly altering his tone as this person presented himself, said: 'Steele, you will show this gentleman and these ladies over the mill.'

Steele bowed, and asking to be excused for a moment to put on his coat, retreated. 'This is my foreman or head workman,' explained the red-faced overseer to Mr. Miles. 'He's a smart fellow, but awful set in his way.'

Steele almost immediately returned, and the ladies rose to accompany him, while the overseer continued to discuss in his loud tones the merits of the mill and the Company who owned it, ending with: 'Mr. Miles, Steele will explain the machinery and its uses much better than I can do, having been bred and —' with a coarse laugh — 'for aught that I know, born in a mill.'

The person thus unceremoniously introduced was a young man of perhaps twenty-five. He was broad-shouldered and squarely built, with thick black hair that hung in not unpicturesque masses over wide projecting brows, beneath which gleamed the steady light of large gray eyes. He was somewhat coarsely though neatly dressed, and looked just what he was, an intelligent workman of the better class. He preceded the party, explaining the various parts and uses of the cumbrous machinery; his pleasant tones, particularly when addressing the ladies, or answering their often not pertinent questions, forming a marked and favorable contrast to the rude manners of the overseer, who affected to despise him.

Mary followed their guide with the others; but, lingering behind, she scarcely listened to his explanations, or to the comments and inquiries of her companions. She lingered still farther and farther behind, till they were entirely out of sight. There was a species of fascination to her in that strange, senseless, but ever-moving machinery, that made her insensible for the time being to the noise, the close oily smell, and the disagreeable heat connected with it. Her eyes grew dark with dreamy thought as she likened the moving mass of iron and steel to some irresistible fate working out, with unsympathizing and unchanging will, its mighty ends. Then her eyes turned to the workmen who fed and tended this mighty monster, as if it were something human. And as she looked at their pale, begrimed faces, all wearing the same expression, however differing in other respects — the necessity for constant care concentrated on every countenance — she wondered what they thought, and how they felt, as they lived day after day and year after year in that close dead atmosphere, in contact with that mighty though unconscious power that had so strange a charm for her.

But her reveries were suddenly brought to an end by a light touch upon her arm. Turning, she saw the foreman, Steele. A haughty flush mounted to the brow of the girl at the familiarity of the action; and raising her eyes inquiringly to the young man's face, she perceived at once that the passing feeling was understood, and not only understood but resented. At the same time she realized that standing as she was in the centre of the building, be-

neath which the great wheel revolved, it was impossible to hear a human voice above its din.

A little ashamed of her needless indignation, Mary dropped her long-fringed eyelids, and proceeded in the direction the young man pointed out. Rejoining her friends, she found her mother rather alarmed by her absence; and during the remainder of their stay she was not allowed again to indulge her wayward fancies. Soon after, to Mary's great relief, they left the mill. As she stepped out into the broad sun-light, she involuntarily looked up into the blue sky, and breathed more deeply the pure fresh air. And, as she seated herself in the carriage, she exclaimed: 'Oh! how glad I am to get out of that disagreeable place! How do you suppose people can live there?'

And it was not till Mary heard Mr. Miles thanking, in his elaborate way, the overseer, that she remembered that, in their eagerness to leave the building, no one had bestowed a word of acknowledgment on the workman who had all the trouble of their visit. She felt sorry for the omission, especially when she recalled the look of mingled surprise and mortification with which he had returned her haughty glance when he had conducted her to her mother.

She took the true womanly way of satisfying her conscience, by abusing the overseer. 'I can't bear that overseer,' she said as they rolled away, 'how loud he talked!'

'I suppose,' replied Mr. Miles to the observation, 'that he has become habituated to a loud key from living constantly in such a din.'

'But the other man, who showed us about, did not talk so,' persisted Mary. 'He had a very pleasant voice, and was quite gentlemanly, or at least polite, compared with the red-faced man.'

'I did not observe any difference in the two,' said Mrs. Miles with an air of affected fatigue. 'To me the place and people were alike disagreeable. I don't see, Mr. Miles, what you wanted to take us there for at all.'

To this reproach Mr. Miles returned a dignified homily on the importance of acquiring useful information. And, finding his wife totally inattentive to his remarks, he directed them to Mary, as the youngest of the party, and therefore most needing the benefit of his wisdom.

So, through the remainder of their drive, Mary listened to the lofty common-places of her pompous brother-in-law, with that concealed irritation which his discourses were too apt to engender.

As John Steele turned back into the mill, after watching the gay party re-enter their coach and drive off, he unconsciously bent his heavy brows into a deeper frown than they often wore. Truth to tell, however, frowns were not unusual on his rugged countenance. He looked down on his large muscular hands, whose touch had given such offence, and a singular smile passed over his face. 'The time shall come,' he said to himself, 'when the touch of my hand shall contaminate no lady, be she fair and proud even as yonder haughty girl!'

And yet, unrecognized as unsought, a nameless influence had crept into the current of the proud man's blood. Ever after there visited him, in moments propitious and unpropitious, the vision of a sweet young face whose

serious eyes, looking afar off into some lovely land of dreams, beckoned him away from the hard realities of his toilsome life!

## CHAPTER SECOND.

'I CAN'T but regret, Mary, that you have made your choice so early in life. You are but just seventeen, and could well afford to wait a few years longer. Beside, here you are engaged in your first season; most girls would have wished to see more of the world before pledging themselves for life.' So said Mrs. Seymour Miles, as leaning back in her luxurious chair, she carelessly caressed a beautiful little lap-dog curled up in her lap.

A low laugh burst from Mary, as she looked up from the embroidery-frame, over which she was stooping to hide her flushed face, and exclaimed: 'Why, sister, I should think from your continued lamentations that I was going into a nunnery for the remainder of my days. You know Henry and I,' and here the sweet tones faltered a little, as if half-reluctant to disclose the pretty secret, 'can't be married these ever-so-many years. I mean to dance at every ball you will take me to till we are. And be the gayest girl in G ——. Why should I not be?' and the giddy girl half-waltzed out of the room as she detected a ring at the hall-door which no one else had heard.

'I declare,' said Mrs. Miles in a tone of great vexation, 'Mary *does* provoke me dreadfully! She is *so* thoughtless! I should think, mother,' turning to Mrs. Grey, who sat by the window sewing, 'that you might have prevented this ridiculous match!'

'My dear,' replied Mrs. Grey in a deprecatory tone, 'you know you have always said how pleasant and even necessary it would be that Mary should settle early. And ——'

'But,' interrupted Mrs. Miles, 'she *won't* be settled early, mother. Henry Thayer has no prospects, except what depend on that capricious uncle of his, and his uncle is as little pleased with his choice as I am. Henry is not a character to make his way in the world alone; and Mary says they won't be married for years to come, if at all, unless his uncle chooses.'

'Well, my dear, I feel sorry myself, though Henry appears to be a good young man enough. Still, who knows what may happen in a few years? I like to see Mary happy while she is young. I could not bear to see her sad any sooner than she must be in the natural course of things.' And Mrs. Grey folded up her work with a sigh, as she remembered that *she* had not been allowed to marry the choice of her youth.

'I do n't doubt Mary might have had George Graham, if she had not been in such a hurry to accept, girl-like, her first offer. Then she could have ridden in her carriage, and been married when she pleased.'

So saying, Mrs. Miles sank back in her chair again, and endeavored to lose the remembrance of her cares for her sister's '*real* welfare,' as she called it, in the pages of a novel of the most sentimental and romantic type.

Mrs. Grey took the opportunity to steal from the room; smiling half-sadly as passing through the hall she heard Mary and her young lover laughing merrily together in the drawing-room.

Mrs. Grey had been left a widow with a handsome fortune. Owing to the dishonesty of an agent this fortune had been lost, with the exception of a life-annuity. Just before that untoward event, the elder of her two daughters married a man of large property, but many years her senior. When her mother and sister were thus left almost destitute, Mrs. Miles had offered them a home, and the means of completing Mary's education.

It was in this way that Mary Grey, a high-spirited, impulsive girl, had, at the age of fifteen, entered the family of Mrs. Miles. Her sister, unfortunately, was too many years her senior, and too diverse in character, to become either the confident or guide of her finer nature. Mrs. Grey, on the contrary, a good and amiable though weak woman, already leaned on Mary's stronger and more youthful mind, in a way that entirely reversed the natural relation of mother and child.

Mary needed a guide. She had fine qualities, but they were qualities that could easily degenerate into great defects. She had great independence of character. But the purity and integrity of her motives did not prevent her from allowing this independence of mind to lead her into wilfulness and a selfish disregard of other's claims. Generous herself, she could neither understand nor endure the demands made upon her gratitude by her pompous brother-in-law. She rebelled when he lectured her on propriety, and hinted at the privileges she enjoyed in being an inmate of his house. Scarcely could love for her mother, and the sense of obligation for his real kindness to that mother, prevent her from expressing the feeling. It was a constant and petty irritation to this sensitive girl, to be compelled to listen to Mr. Miles' long homilies on the graces that should adorn a woman's character; graces which Mary was well aware she should ever want in Mr. Miles' eyes. As she grew older, and felt the superiority of her own intellect, she could with difficulty keep back the sarcastic reply or witty repartee that his platitudes provoked.

As may be imagined, this state of feeling was not very favorable to the harmony of the household. Mr. Miles, dull though he was, had sufficient discernment to read the flushing brow and haughty gesture of the young girl, even when, as was often the case, she did not openly act her own pleasure, in defiance of his reproofs and cautions.

Mrs. Miles, on the contrary, was not sufficiently sensitive to feel annoyed by Mary's waywardness and impatience of control. She really liked her little sister as well as it was possible for so indolent and phlegmatic a woman to like any body. She sincerely wished Mary to be happy, and—to reflect credit on the family. Both these objects, she believed, could be secured by 'an establishment' and a rich husband!

Not long after the conversation we have just recorded, another of a similar import took place, as before, in Mrs. Miles' boudoir.

'I have been thinking,' said Mrs. Miles to her husband, 'about Mary's engagement to Henry Thayer. It is a most unfortunate and foolish affair,' and she looked at her husband for his assent.

'Most unfortunate!' exclaimed Mr. Miles with an air of astonishment, 'his uncle is the richest man in town, and Henry is his acknowledged heir.'

'True, but Henry's uncle is seriously displeased with his nephew's choice of a portionless girl. He has other views for him. Beside, Mary *might* make a much better match, and I consider it *our* especial duty to look after her true interests.'

'Certainly,' and Mr. Miles' face visibly clouded, 'but you know, Mrs. Miles, Mary is particularly obstinate, and regards my interference with very little favor.'

'Oh! well, Mr. Miles, I know that; but Mary *must* yield to circumstances. Mr. Thayer is displeased with Henry for his choice, and will never make the requisite provision for his marriage. I think, if you should talk over this affair with him, in a friendly way, that he will be glad to break the engagement by sending Henry out of the way for the present. Then you know Mary, instead of waiting for Henry to return, or Mr. Thayer's death, may listen to reason; and marry your old friend, George Graham, perhaps.'

'Ah! yes,' and a cold light gleamed in Mr. Miles' pale blue eye, as he foresaw the difficulty of conquering this youthful affection, and subduing the spirit of the haughty girl who so constantly wounded his self-conceit by her cool defiance. 'Ah! yes, my dear, as you say, it is our duty,' and with a lofty air, 'our *right*, I may say, to forward the best interests of your sister. I see the wisdom of your plan, Mrs. Miles. And now I think of it, I remember that the last time Graham dined here, he remarked on Mary's appearance as very pleasing, and shortly after observed he must really have a wife soon, and begin life like a reasonable man. I see it all.'

Mrs. Miles smiled with an air of contentment. 'We shall see Mary well settled in spite of herself.'

Mr. Miles returned the smile. 'We shall see, yes we shall see. At any rate we shall do our duty.'

We, too, shall see how Mary's benevolent relatives succeeded in their plans.

#### CHAPTER THIRD.

FIVE years have passed since the date of our last chapter. Years full of important events to Mary Grey. The elements of discord, in the family with whom her lot was cast, and the opposing purposes of its members, had borne their legitimate fruits. The plans of her relatives had succeeded so well that young Thayer had been induced to travel in foreign countries, and to omit correspondence with Mary. In the mean time, Mrs. Grey had died, worn out with the trials of a life, not long but sad. Her annuity died with her, and left Mary entirely dependent on her relatives. We can readily imagine how galling was this dependence to her proud spirit. The antipathy which had always existed between herself and her brother-in-law had deepened into a feeling, on his part, as nearly approaching hatred as it was possible for him to feel. Mary did not hate, she only despised him. Her obstinate attachment to Henry Thayer provoked Mr. Miles. It vexed her sister also, who desired, quite naturally, to marry off her sister and restore peace to her family. Mary grew hard and cold beneath the petty persecution under which she lived. Her mother's death removed the only kindly tie that had kept these discordant elements

together ; and when that was unloosed, Mary would gladly have made herself independent of her sister's husband, by earning her own livelihood. One consideration deterred her. To labor for her own support was to lose caste in the circle in which she moved. She shrunk from an effort that she had been taught to believe, divested woman of some of the most delicate of her attributes. In spite, however, of this feeling, induced by education, she would long ago have thrown off the chains that so chafed her proud nature, but for two considerations. Henry Thayer was her betrothed ; his feelings were to be consulted before her own. How would he judge of her ? He was fastidious and sensitive to the last degree. Would he not feel that she was compromising him as well as herself, by a step so singular, in the estimation of that fashionable world which was the only judge known to either ? Besides, it might form a plausible pretext for his uncle's forbidding their union. Mary was too unselfish to ruin her lover's prospects in life ; and too faithful herself to imagine the possibility of any such interference having the power to break the tie on his side.

At last Mary wrote to Henry, and laid before him her wishes and her situation, promising to be guided by him. Poor Mary ! so timid where the feelings of one she loved were concerned ; so proud where only herself could receive injury. So trustful and so unsuspecting, where she had once given her heart. Before she could receive an answer to the letter, which would decide her plans, a circumstance occurred which prematurely hastened their completion.

It was a bright winter's morning. The sun shone in brilliantly through the bow-window, in the drawing-room. Mary stood in its full blaze, the rich adornings of the room glowing in the light, forming a strong contrast to her deep mourning-dress and pale face. There had been a stormy scene between her and Mr. Miles, and this was its conclusion.

'Yes, Mr. Miles, I have presumed to consult my own happiness and my own honor. I have refused Mr. Graham *again* ; and, moreover, designated in such terms his ungentlemanly persecution of me for the past two years that I believe I have silenced him forever.'

'Do not interrupt me,' she continued as Mr. Miles, pale with anger, would have spoken ; 'I know what you will say ; I do not choose to be threatened in that way again. I leave your house of my own accord ; and having once crossed your threshold I never enter it again.'

Mary swept from the room with the air of a queen. Mr. Miles stood petrified with astonishment. In a moment of anger he had really told her he would send her away ; not, however, that he meant to turn her upon the world unprotected and penniless ! She had taken him at his word. Mr. Miles recovered from his amazement to fall into a sullen fit of anger. 'Let her go, the perverse girl. She will be glad enough to come back. I shall go to the city to-morrow to see Mrs. Miles.'

This scene would perhaps not have occurred if Mary's sister had been at home. Mrs. Miles had been absent for some time ; and was no longer near to soothe her husband's irritation, or reason with Mary. Words had passed between the two never to be forgotten, and never to be recalled. Indeed a weak



and tyrannical man resorts to means to effect his objects, which a woman can never forgive, perhaps ought never to forgive!

Mary Grey left the house that night. She went to the cottage of her former nurse — one of those humble friends, always more ready to sympathize with and assist than more powerful ones. Her nurse lived on the outskirts of the town, entirely alone, in a tiny cottage, the product of her industry while in the service of Mary's family. Here Mary Grey found a respectable though lowly asylum.

She was not disturbed in her solitude. The few who were her friends, perhaps did not know where she was; the many wondered at her sudden disappearance from their circle, but in the whirl of fashionable life they soon forgot her. She soon received a long letter from her sister, upbraiding her for her ingratitude, imploring her not to disgrace her family, and closing by telling her that a certain allowance of money had been provided for her, and that she with her husband would shortly sail to Europe. Mary would have starved rather than have touched the money so proffered.

In her ignorance of the actual world of labor, Mary imagined that with her talents and education she could easily earn a subsistence. Teaching at first suggested itself, and her first efforts were made with that object.

But Mary had miscalculated, not her own powers, but the actual though vulgar difficulties of her position. She was entirely inexperienced in the work she would have undertaken. Her dignity and reserve of manner were mistaken for haughtiness, most unreasonable and misplaced in one seeking a favor. She soon found it impossible to get pupils, or to obtain employment in a school. Disgusted with the supercilious airs of persons she had hitherto considered her inferiors, she relinquished her effort in that direction.

Her next endeavor was to obtain orders from print-sellers for sketches and paintings. She was quite an artist, and she felt sure that her efforts here would be rewarded. She did indeed get some encouragement, but the work was precarious and ill-paid.

Why need I detail Mary's experience during this period? How many a reader of this page knows far better than I can tell the sickening delay, the desperate suspense, the trembling hope, the crushing disappointment of the inexperienced and sensitive seeker for a livelihood! How many a heart, wounded by sorrow, burdened with care, asks of God patience to endure the allotments of His Providence; and of men, the only alleviation of that sorrow and care, the means of self-subsistence! How many a woman, frail and delicate, has learned to repel insolence, to bear silently impertinent curiosity, cold civility, or worse still, presuming familiarity, in the pursuit of that *ignis fatuus*, as it proves to many, a *livelihood*!

Let us look in upon Mary after some months of this new life. What a contrast are the bare walls, the scanty furniture, to the elegance and luxury to which she has been accustomed. Her cheek is resting on her hand, in an attitude of deep thought. Her little embroidered purse lies before her. It is empty, and she knows not how to fill it. She is pale and thin. What a sad



contrast between this care-worn woman and the proud and passionate girl of a few months ago.

In addition to the troubles and uncertainties of her lot, a cold and deadly fear has crept into her heart. She will not acknowledge it to herself; she puts it away from her with a desperate eagerness. But this it is that has paled her cheek and dimmed her eye; that has taken the buoyancy from her step and the energy from her spirit. Her letter to her betrothed is unanswered! Not a word of renewed faith, of anxious interest, has consoled and strengthened her. She will not doubt him. She makes excuses for him pertinaciously. They lull but cannot expel the demon of suspicion that has entered her bosom. She says to herself: 'How little it would take to make me happy! What have I done to be left so lonely and so unaided?'

Wearied with her own thoughts, and with vain attempts to solve the problem of her life, Mary at last started up suddenly, and prepared for one of those long walks into the adjacent country by which, of late, she had endeavored to expend the preying energies of her mind. Attiring herself quickly, she passed into the little sitting-room occupied by her aged landlady. The old lady was sitting as usual in her high-backed rocking-chair, apparently taking her afternoon nap. Something in her appearance, however, arrested Mary's attention, ere the words she was about to utter had passed her lips. She came nearer, stooped over her, laying her hand on her shoulder. As she did so, the head fell forward, by its own weight. Her last friend was no longer living!

The shock was so great that she nearly fainted. It was some time before she could realize what she must do. At last she called in the humble friends of the deceased, and prepared to perform the last sad offices for the dead.

That night Mary passed alone in the majestic presence of Death! Those lonely hours brought to the heart of the living woman a portion of that peace on which the breathless form beside her had entered. She reviewed her position calmly. Her prospects could not well be more hopeless. And yet in the presence of Death, and before that Eternity which then opened upon her, she grew strangely calm. What, in comparison with the great facts of life and death, were the praise or censure of the world! How insignificant her cares! God, the Father of all, would care for her! She left that narrow chamber with a heart full of elevating influences. Faith and hope renewed her energies in that moment, the darkest she had yet known.

The next morning, leaving other friends, faithful as the friends of the poor so often are, to watch over the deceased, Mary again prepared for her walk. She hoped the fresh air would relieve the oppressive head-ache that benumbed her faculties. It was a glorious morning in late autumn. One of those rare days whose beauty is a thing to be remembered forever. As Mary walked on, the buoyancy of youth returned to her. With no definite purpose, and indeed without observing whither she was going, she walked for the mere sake of enjoying the air and the sun-shine. At length she found herself on the edge of a little dell, through which a stream, shouting and leaping like some wild school-boy, pursued its winding course. In this secluded spot stood some

large stone buildings, evidently factories of some kind, that formed the nucleus, around which clustered a small village.

Mary half forgot her anxieties in the pretty picture that lay before her. The place seemed familiar, and she wondered when she had seen it. She at last remembered visiting it with her mother and sister years before. As she continued to gaze at the small white and brown cottages that clung to the sides of the ravine, a new idea struck her. It was possible she could find employment there. She might teach the children of the people employed in the mill.

With Mary, to resolve was to act. She immediately descended the steep road and walked directly to the principal building, on the door of which was a tin plate with the word 'Office' inscribed upon it.

#### CHAPTER FOURTH.

JOHN STEELE, the owner of the Blanchard Mill, was sitting alone in his office. Many a day and many a night, too, had this man sat at his desk in that narrow room. By untiring energy, by industry that never flagged, and by an indomitable will, he had raised himself to a position of independence and influence.

The noon sun shone in unheeded, touching with its golden light his thick black hair, streaked here and there with a silver thread. Its beams fell around his stalwart figure, and stole with gentle foot-steps over the huge folios open before him; but the man, who had been bending over his desk for hours, paid no heed to sun-shine or cloud, and could hardly have told if the day were fair or dark. At length, conscious of a feeling of weariness, induced by hours spent in one attitude, he roused himself and turned suddenly around. Lo! on the threshold of his office stood a slight figure, robed in black, with a pale face and large dark eyes, full of resolution and spirit, but unutterably sad in their expression. Steele had dealt with prosaic realities all his life; but he was a little startled by this apparition. His surprise increased when the figure glided noiselessly forward and addressed him in those modulated tones that invariably distinguish a person of culture and refinement.

Having ascertained that he was the person she sought, the lady—for John Steele saw at a glance that she was a lady—went on to state her errand. We know what that errand was, and it is needless to repeat the conversation. Steele listened to her gravely. She made no apology for disturbing him, but looking him seriously in the face with her clear, sad eyes, spoke with him quietly, earnestly, without pretension or embarrassment, but with dignity and grave courtesy.

Steele's surprise did not diminish as he became more and more conscious of the incongruity between her personal appearance and demeanor and the employment she asked for. He thought at first it might be some romantic charity; but this idea, her evident earnestness and sincerity dispelled. Astonishing as it was, it was plain that this lady really needed work. It was an aid he was ready to grant. The fearless independence he read in the finely-cut features, the grave eyes, appealed to his sympathies at once. He was one of those rare men who are born with the chivalrous instinct that intuitively

stretches out its hand to assist or defend the weak. He possessed, too, that delicacy of nature which is to the generous act what grace is to the beautiful face; and could confer a favor, as if asking one. He did not appear to perceive, even by a look, the great disparity between herself and her position, which really puzzled him greatly. He answered her as briefly and as gravely as he would have spoken to a man under similar circumstances.

Mary felt she had found a person capable of understanding her. With a true womanly instinct, she trusted him; and surprised herself by the ease and frankness with which she unfolded her wants.

At last he said: 'The school you propose would be most desirable, and I should be glad indeed to have it established; but it would require some time to make the necessary arrangements.'

The face that had partially lighted up at the first part of his sentence drooped again at its conclusion. He felt he was sure of his ground, so he went on in a business-like way.

'In the mean time, if you could do some writing for me, it would oblige me, as one of my clerks has left me suddenly, and I have a great deal to do.'

Yes, he was right; he saw it in her face, though she merely replied in the same manner in which he addressed her.

'It will require some explanation, and will be rather tedious,' he said deprecatingly.

Mary half-smiled. Steele thought it the loveliest smile he had ever seen.

'Can you show me now?' she said.

'I think not,' he replied, for the first time during the interview allowing his stern features to relax into a smile, in answer to Mary's.

'If you will give me your address I will call upon you, if you please, this evening, and bring the books and papers.'

She stood up at the desk and wrote her name and residence with the pen he handed her. He saw that the delicate white hand which she ungloved did not tremble, and that she had regained her strength sufficiently to walk home.

In a few minutes Mary was walking back to town; tired indeed, but with a lighter heart than she had carried for many a long day. 'PROVIDENCE has indeed helped me,' she said to herself.

John Steele, too, went back to his desk, but not directly to his calculations. A strange, new sensation pervaded his being. It was not the glow of satisfaction that the doing of a good action inspires. He had done many a deed more generous than to give a woman work. No: it was not that. He felt that he had stepped out suddenly from his former life and been brought face to face with a new existence; introduced to new emotions and thoughts. And yet, though novel, these emotions were akin to him in some strange way. The face of Mary looked strangely familiar, but he could not remember where or when he had met with it. He resolved to know more of her, and with this determination again buried himself in his books.

It was a very easy matter with Mary's name and residence in his possession, to ascertain the few facts that constituted her history. The portals of that world, which she had believed her only sphere, had long been open to the man who had achieved wealth and influence by his own efforts. Hitherto he had

not responded to the proffers of intimacy which the gentlemen with whom he was brought into business relations frequently made to him. But now he had an object in view ; and it was not long before, seated in the family circle of a wealthy merchant, he heard the history of Mary's rupture with her relations and the various comments on so singular an occurrence.

'And is it possible,' he said, as he approached the humble locality where Mary lived, 'that this young girl has no friend to help her, let her be right or wrong in leaving that pompous old fool Miles? Can it be that she has been allowed to struggle, alone and unaided, with difficulties to which she must have been as unfitted as a child? What manner of man is this lover of hers that he is not here to take care of her? Thank God,' said this vehement despiser of conventionalities and sophisms, 'that I am sprung from the laboring class, where such things as affection, friendship and sympathy shine bright, amid poverty, ignorance and rudeness.'

#### CHAPTER FIFTH.

THE long winter has passed away, and Mary still remains in the cottage of her former nurse. The employment she constantly receives from Mr. Steele has made her comparatively independent. She now rents the little domicile, and has substituted for her former landlady a sort of half gentle-woman, Mrs. Lovell, who talks much of having seen better days, but is very useful as a half-companion, half-domestic.

It is evening. Mary is alone, Mrs. Lovell having retired with a head-ache. The little parlor wears a cheerful aspect. It is true that the furniture is much worn, being the remnants of Mrs. Lovell's 'better days,' but every thing is scrupulously neat. The ugly paper on the walls is almost hidden by Mary's drawings and paintings ; and simple white curtains gracefully conceal the narrow proportions of the windows. Books and periodicals, with John Steele's name on the covers, lie on the table ; and a bright, cosy fire and a glowing lamp illumine the apartment.

Mary herself, leaning back in her chair, is gazing on the glowing embers. Her thoughts, judging from the compression of the lip and the frown on the fair brow, are not of a pleasing character. In truth, a circumstance had occurred that very day which disturbed her more than she would acknowledge to herself. In passing through one of the principal streets she had met Henry Thayer's uncle. Drawing her veil down, she thought he would not recognize her. She knew he had always disliked her ; and she, returning the feeling, avoided him when she could. It was in obedience to this instinct become a habit, that she would now have passed him unrecognized. But she was mistaken in supposing he had not seen her. As she passed he half-stopped, as if about to address her, but apparently changing his mind on the instant, contented himself with giving her a malignant scowl of mingled dislike and triumph.

This look of the aged man haunted her imagination, like the foreboding of evil. She pondered as she had a hundred times before, the possibility of her lover's never having received her letter of explanation. If not, what story had been invented by his uncle to account for her having left her sister's protection?

‘Surely, however,’ reasoned Mary, ‘Henry would not condemn me without first hearing my own explanations. He knew I was never happy there, and only endured my servitude on my mother’s account. I have been faithful to him through all these long years, and it is ungenerous to believe less of him.’

A hasty step on the little walk from the street to the door interrupted her reveries. She was glad to have her gloomy thoughts put to flight by the entrance of her newly-found but warm friend. She held out her hand to him with a frank smile as he entered. Steele—for it was he—saw at a glance that she was paler than usual, and that something more than usual disturbed her; but his heart thrilled with a wild joy as he saw her face light up at his approach. She was learning to depend on him, to feel glad at his coming; at least, he knew she trusted him. What is there so grateful to a proud yet tender heart as the feeling that another relies on all that is best and noblest in its nature? Oh! might not this feeling lead to one deeper and more tender still?

As he looked round the room he saw Mrs. Lovell was not present, which circumstance in itself was enough to elate him. This lady always sat on one side of the fire-place, knitting an interminable stocking. She seldom spoke; but her large eyes fixing themselves alternately on the fire and on him, seemed to be forever saying: ‘I am not quite so blind as the unconscious Miss Grey.’

Her surveillance, undemonstrative as it was, annoyed and irritated Steele. As he gazed at Mary, bending over the plans she was drawing for him or reading to him, as she sometimes did, passages from her favorite authors, and half-forgetting as he gazed the presence of another, he was sure to be roused by a yawn, a sigh, or a cough; and to meet the eyes of Mrs. Lovell, saying, in perfectly plain language: ‘Do you suppose I do not understand what you are thinking of?’

He was sure, on such occasions, to make some strange remark, or to do some rude thing, that made Mary stare with surprise, though she never resented any of his brusqueries. Then he would go away, convinced that Mary thought him a rude, unpolished fellow, hardly fit to be admitted into her society. To be sure he exaggerated with the sensitiveness of a reserved nature, first giving way to a new passion, both Mrs. Lovell’s discernment and Mary’s notice of his occasional abruptness and embarrassment. But he of course made no allowance of this kind; and it is no wonder he heartily disliked the poor woman who had often interrupted the keenest enjoyment of his life.

But on this lucky evening, as he deemed it, he might feel, at least, as he liked. A secret and unusual excitement filled his being. He felt he was about to surrender his judgment and his reason to a mightier power; but still he made no effort to stem the current that was bearing him on. He had presented on his entrance a bunch of early violets to Mary. She received them with delight, for she was extravagantly fond of flowers, a taste which he shared with her.

Unconsciously atoning to herself for her former gloomy reflections, she was uncommonly gay. She arranged the flowers in a vase she brought from a cupboard in the room, and lingered fondly over them, talking half to herself, half to him of their fragrance and beauty.

He stood by the fire, watching every graceful movement, every gesture, every fold in her dress. Beautiful and charming as she always seemed to him, he thought he had never known her so beautiful and so charming before. She always treated him with a frank regard, that showed how highly she regarded one who had been a true friend to her; but to-night there was an indescribable ease and freedom in her manner that he had never remarked before, and that threw him off the guard he had hitherto maintained over himself.

Her petty occupations came to an end; and taking up the papers that lay scattered over her desk, she said: 'Mr. Steele, I have made the alterations we concluded upon in this plan, and will begin to draw off the corrected copy, if you will first look over the one I have here.'

Steele, whose whole life had been identified hitherto with his mill, was carrying out some darling projects for the improvement of his workmen. Mary had been making the necessary plans for the buildings. It was work that pleased her much. He had taught her how to do it; and her feminine tact and suggestions had often improved on his ideas. Her nature was too rich in noble qualities also, not to appreciate the genuine philanthropy of Steele. She silently compared him with other men whom she had known. Wanting he might be sometimes in outward refinement or tact, but what noble and unselfish qualities gave dignity to his demeanor in those hours in which he unconsciously or involuntarily revealed to her the main-springs of his life. The supply of material wants had indeed come within the scope of her knowledge, but that higher charity that gives time, thought, patience and wisdom to further mental and moral advancement in the poor or the degraded she had never known before. Her own reverses and experiences had made her mind ductile and opened it to new impressions, and now she was receiving unconsciously the seal of a nobler and more heroic nature.

But let us go back to Mary's room. At her invitation, he came forward to the table at which she had seated herself. But instead of taking the pencil she held up to him, he took the hand that inclosed it, and without a single word covered it with eager and impassioned kisses.

Mary rose, not hurriedly but slowly, and looked at him. She neither flushed nor paled beneath his ardent gaze. 'You forget yourself very strangely, Mr. Steele!'

Her voice, her icy manner, recalled him from the dizzy height on which he had ventured. But they did not, and could not calm the vehement passion that had broken up the cold exterior he habitually wore.

'No, Mary Grey,' he said, 'I do *not* forget myself, nor *you*, nor any thing I should remember. I neither know nor care for the etiquettes of fashionable life. I dare to tell you in my rude way that I love you, Mary.' His tones scarcely moved the air that syllabled them, but so intense was the feeling they expressed that they seemed to Mary's fancy to fill the little room with echoing sound.

She stood before him haughty and disdainful. The remembrance of many a long discussion between them on great social questions, where all the prejudices of her education in favor of birth and rank were fully displayed, rose



up before him, not to daunt but to stimulate his latent pride. He addressed what he believed to be her thoughts as he continued: 'I remember the opinions, inseparable from your education, that make such a declaration from me absurd and presumptuous; but were you at this moment surrounded by all those circumstances of life which you estimate so highly, I would say to you still I love you; and believing you to be my mate in the sight of God, I ask you to be my wife in the sight of men.'

Pride and tenderness contended for the mastery in his tones as he continued in defiance of Mary's attempts to interrupt him: 'I know that I am no better than the lowest workmen in my mill. My father was a common laborer, my mother and my sisters worked in an English factory, and died of hard labor and scanty fare. I know that my education, begun in a mill and continued in a counting-house, leaves me far below you in those graces that adorn human life. And yet, Mary Grey, I am your equal by a law old as the existence of man himself. And by my love for you, and because I have never known a transient fancy or an idle passion for any other woman, you shall answer me this night as I ask you to be my wife.'

He stood opposite to her, doggedly silent, as he had before been madly eloquent. A variety of emotions passed through Mary's mind as she listened to his wild words; but misunderstanding him, as he had misunderstood her, one feeling rose prominent above all others. He had taken advantage of her unprotected situation and her dependence on himself, and had presumed on her unconsciousness of his passion to declare his affection. 'No *gentleman*,' she thought, 'would have insulted me in this way; would have demanded in this passionate way a heart he must and does know is pledged to another.'

'I do not dispute your equality. Considering what I now am, you might be called a great match for me,' she said, with a slight sneer. 'Moreover, Sir, you have earned my gratitude, and I have given you in return an honest regard; but I deny'—and the cheek hitherto pale flushed with indignation—'that you have a right to thrust your ill-placed affection upon me in this way.'

He interrupted her. 'I do not wish to force 'an ill-placed affection,' upon you,' he said. 'But being noble enough to love you, I claim I have the right to tell you of it, and demand a reply—a right the meanest creature on earth can claim!'

'And I again deny that you have any such right,' cried the now thoroughly roused Mary; 'and I declare to you that even if I had not plighted my faith to another long ago, I would not and could not be your wife. And let me beg, Sir, that when you next address a lady, you will better remember her position and yours.'

The words were scarcely uttered before she would gladly have recalled them. Woman-like, she had said more than she intended to say, and been unjust and ungenerous when she should have been only dignified and firm.

A sudden spasm convulsed Steele's pale features as, mechanically taking up his hat and coat, he left the room without another word. Before Mary could fully realize what had passed, the sound of his retreating foot-steps were echoing through her confused and throbbing brain.



## CASPER MYERS : A.D. 1770.

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 BY EDWARD S. RAND, JR.
 

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FROM the cloud-treasures, all the day had poured the autumn rain,  
 Bright hung its beaded drops upon the heavy heads of grain ;  
 And all along the fallow fields and by the forest ways  
 The large drops glistened on the trees and gemmed the yellow maize.

In heavy folds the clouds were piled upon the Newron hills,  
 Where from the bounty of the rain out-gushed unnumbered rills ;  
 And as the sun in golden state sank slowly in the west,  
 A rival glory seemed to stream up from the river's breast.

Where a rude bridge now black with age troubled the water's flow,  
 Close by the nook where with the spring the early violets grow ;  
 'Neath a huge oak which spreads its arms in kindness far and wide,  
 Mused CASPER MYERS, and absently cast acorns in the tide.

' Ah ! woe is woe, and want is want, nor cometh good for sighing,  
 Nor happiness for earnest wish, nor golden gain from trying ;  
 And honor with a miser hand hoards up her precious treasure,  
 Or gives to those who need it not, unstinted without measure.

' As flows the river to the sea, yet never back returneth,  
 As wastes the rising smoke in air when the dry stubble burneth,  
 As the spent perfume of the flower may be collected never,  
 The life of man is lost in death forever and forever.

' In vain the parson prates upon a future life of blessing ;  
 If God is good, why do I live, no earthly wealth possessing ;  
 Why are the hands of others filled, when mine for years up-reaching,  
 Have only clutched on emptiness ? — an acorn for his preaching !

' My heart is bitter when I see the barley fields out-spreading ;  
 I long to learn some evil charm to keep the grain from heading ;  
 Some magic spell to blast the corn while yet 't is young and milky ;  
 To give them shrivelled husks instead of golden ears and silky.

' And yet it was not always so, my heart was gay and youthful,  
 Before the clouds came o'er my soul, my nature pure and truthful ;  
 Ah ! me, how many years ago, when by the Rhine's blue waters,  
 At the gay vintage-feast I wooed the fairest of its daughters.

' She played me false, my spirit died, with bitter words we parted ;  
 She to live on in wealth and pride, I to roam broken-hearted ;  
 Why stir the ashes of the past, why breathe upon the embers ?  
 Years bow the frame and gray the head, but still the soul remembers.

'For years and years above my path a sullen cloud has brooded,  
Forever chasing starry hopes to ever be deluded ;  
And death had been a welcome friend, a refuge from my sorrows,  
But lonely days creep merging in far lonelier to-morrows.  
'O placid stream ! be thou the rest of one uncared-for weary,  
Death may be dark, but life is sad and very, very dreary ;  
As none have cared for me in life, let none disturb my pillow,  
But let the outcast rest in peace beneath thy quiet billow.'

Adown the river valley  
The night came stealing on,  
And mirrored in the waters  
The stars shone one by one.

And through the long night watches  
The river rippled on ;  
Washing against the bridge-piers  
With low and mournful song.

Over the blue hill forests  
The sun in glory came ;  
Flashed on the dew-hung birches  
In floods of silver flame.

It shone on the placid river,  
And gleamed on the oak-crowned ridge,  
And turned to diamonds the drops of rain  
On the railing of the bridge.

It lighted the staring eye-balls,  
Wet with the river tears,  
And played o'er a lifeless body  
Entangled among the piers.

Through the streets of Dedham town  
Slow they bear the body on ;  
Little care or funeral state,  
Litter formed of a pasture-gate ;  
Drooping head, and staring eyes  
Gazing up to the smiling skies.

In the town-house desolate,  
They lay the body out in state :  
None to comb the long, dank hair,  
None to minister, none to care,  
None to pity or raise a prayer.  
Distorted features told the strife,  
The mighty struggle of death with life,  
And the right hand clenched with deathly grasp  
An acorn firm in its iron clasp.

The afternoon is wearing on,  
The jury have come, have sat and gone ;

Stern of feature and stern of tone  
The Puritan farmers of years long gone.  
Little hope could the erring feel  
From those with morals and hearts like steel,  
Those whose frown but a few hours since  
Had made poor CASPER shrink and wince.

Little he recked their frowning now,  
Lying so still with his pallid brow,  
The aged vagrant whom all despise,  
Bore the gaze of the elders' eyes.  
Nor shrunk he when the decree was read,  
Stern and harsh close at his head,  
Which fixed what the burial should be  
Of him who knowing and wilfully,  
Uncalled by HEAVEN, had rashly died,  
The burial of the suicide.

Where the road from the Dover Mills  
Meets the ways from the Needham hills,  
Where the Charles its peaceful tide  
Spreads o'er a level long and wide,  
Stood a guide-post old and brown,  
Its rude-hewn finger pointing down,  
As if its use was to be the guide  
To the grave of the outcast suicide.

There, as the twinkling stars shone bright  
In the silent calm of the autumn night,  
Spade and mattock the elders plied,  
And made the grave of the suicide.  
Never a holy page was read,  
Never a word of prayer was said ;  
They drove the guide-post through the grave :  
May God in mercy the sinner save !

When the spring again came round  
And decked with cresses the marshy ground,  
From CASPER's grave an infant oak\*  
Through the flower-besprinkled green sward broke,  
And grew and flourished day by day  
As the ancient guide-post rotted away.

And the farmers tell when the autumn days  
Spread o'er the hill-sides a smoky haze,  
When the nuts from the walnuts rattle down,  
And the oaks are glowing with red and brown,  
That the leaves are bloody that grow beside  
The grave of CASPER the suicide.

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\* THE legend here given is current among the farmers, and the oak is still standing near the corner of the author's lawn, on the banks of Charles River.— EDITOR.

## REVELATIONS OF WALL-STREET :\*

BEING THE HISTORY OF CHARLES ELIAS PARKINSON.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, AUTHOR OF ST. LEGER.

'Mislike me not for my complexion.'—MERCHANT OF VENICE.

### CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

THAT sudden awakening to the truth: that instantaneous perception of what has long been directly under our notice unrevealed: the veil lifted: the sight quickened, and lo! we stand aghast with terror at the discovery.

We think we can bear no more when under the weight of a great calamity; but we *can* bear more always—while we live (*afterward*, it is our consolation that the weary are at rest) we can always bear more, but we might not be able to sustain too great a load of anticipated trouble. Therefore, I conclude this occasional dulness of vision, this absence of apprehension to be a wise and beneficent provision of God's providence. But the time *comes*. We pass rapidly through the struggle, and then accept the fresh burden.

\* We beg to tender our thanks to various friends and correspondents who have placed at our disposal divers startling communications with which to enrich our 'Revelations.' We frankly admit we shall not publish any thing half so 'thrilling' as many of these proposed histories—the one relating to a well-known stock-broker, for example. And we declare it is out of no disrespect, or want of proper appreciation, that we are forced to decline such kind offers of assistance. Mr. PARKINSON has his own story to tell—his own story and nobody's else. The tale is not a patch-work; and whatever shall be its merits or demerits, it is the record of a single career. We have, however, received one letter, addressed to the Editor of the KNICKERBOCKER, a little out of the ordinary course, which we conclude to present without comment.—EDITOR MEMOIRS.

*'Madison Avenue, Thursday.*

'DEAR MR. EDITOR: I want to write you a few words about the story you are printing, called 'Revelations of Wall-Street.' Mamma has made me read it, because she says it is *so* natural, and makes her think of the time when papa failed (we are all right now) and *she* had to sell *her* carriage and horses just as poor Mrs. PARKINSON did. Beside, she says she knew Mrs. PARKINSON, though that was n't her real name, and she knows the GOULDINGS, too, and that is n't *their* real name either. But I am wandering from what I was going to say. Really, I have tried to read every word of it, for mamma won't let me *skim*; and I must confess that all those long stories about suits and sheriffs and assignments and bail and I do n't know what else, do not interest me one bit. Papa says it is because I am not old enough, (I was seventeen in January,) and that if I live to be married and have a family, (what an idea!) I will appreciate it; and he says, too, the author evidently understands business and all that sort of thing, and writes *facts* too, which I think is shocking; but I do n't want to wait till I am married and have a family (how papa does make me blush sometimes!) before I can enjoy reading what ma says I *must* read; so I am going to ask you to have the author write some more about Miss STEVENSON and that poor, bare-footed girl on the pavement. I assure you I am the only *young* lady of all my acquaintance who has read the 'Revelations,' and I should not have got half through the first chapter if I had had my own way; but I *do* think if the author would only write a nice story about Miss STEVENSON and that poor girl, all our set would read it, for I think I *know* who Miss STEVENSON is, (she's married now, is n't she?) and I *guess* I know who *some body else* is, too, who used to call. . . . I won't say what I was going to, but I will stop short, for I know you are tired of me by this time. I don't sign my name to this, for it would frighten me to death did I think you knew who I am; but I have told you the truth just the same. Good-by.

LAURA C. D —.

'P. S. : HENRIETTA M— has just called on me. I have showed her this note, and she is looking over my shoulder now. She says: 'Tell the man if there is not going to be a *love* affair in it, that it won't *take*, that's *pos*.'

L. C. D.'

My wife was lying on the bed when I entered the room. I approached her. 'Charles, I do not feel as well as usual.'

It was enough. For now regarding her with solicitude, I saw what I wondered I had not perceived before: that she was much changed. Her cough sounded sepulchral; she said her side pained her so much she was forced to lie down. I sat on the side of the bed, and took her hand within mine and gazed in her face. It was the most unhappy moment of my life. She saw my emotion and smiled. 'Do not look so anxious,' she exclaimed. 'It is only a fresh cold I took last evening which gives me this pain. Otherwise I am perfectly well. Now, pray do not be foolishly anxious; you will make me imagine myself ill.'

I rallied and attempted to speak cheerfully; but presently I left the room and sent for Dr. Chadwick, our family physician. He came promptly, and said it was a slight attack of pleurisy. He did not appear alarmed; made the usual prescriptions and went away. The next day she was better, and soon she was able to leave her room and come to the table as usual. But my attention was aroused. I watched my wife with an anxiety that I cannot describe. I saw that her cough grew more harassing, that her strength was diminishing. I recalled the fact that her mother died of consumption, and one of her sisters, although till now my wife's health had been excellent and she had never exhibited the least tendency to this insidious malady. Trouble had brought on weariness of the spirit: and the enemy had entered by the weakest side.

I began to pray earnestly. I would retire away by myself and on my knees implore God to spare my wife's life—*only her life*. Strip us of all we had: leave us utterly destitute, but take her not away. Merciful FATHER, take her not away from us. The failure, the subsequent misfortunes, all the vexations and miseries which followed, what were these *now*? Give us the most humble home—the meanest abode; let me live and earn our support by day-labor, but let her live too. Is this blow to be added to what has come on me? And I strove, agonizing, yes agonizing in prayer to God.

It was of no avail, not the slightest. I called on our clergyman—a good man, a good, pious man, I believe—and I begged him to pray for the recovery of my wife. I know he did so sincerely and earnestly, for he was impressed with the desperate energy of my appeal. It did not serve any purpose. Florence was worse each succeeding unpleasant day, and she did not rally much in the sun-shine. I felt bitterly. It seemed as if God had singled me out to vent His vengeance on. Why did he not practise on that hypocrite Goulding?—on Goulding, who, if my wife died, would be really her murderer. I was in a horrible state of mind; I shudder now when I look back to it.

In this way the season advanced into the month of April. I was doing every thing in my power to prepare for the first day of May. On that day we were to leave our house for the one I had rented 'up-town.' I had endeavored to conceal from my wife that I entertained any apprehension with regard to her health. The physician was always cheerful. I essayed once or twice to ask him his opinion, but the words died on my lips without utterance. My bitterness of feeling was in no degree softened, indeed I think it increased daily. I

had discontinued my prayers since I saw they were not to be answered. I felt as if I did not care what God did with me, now that the gates of death were to close on Florence; for she seemed since she became so weak and delicate, to be the young girl I had wooed in our native village many years before. A tender and a youthful expression overspread her features. Looking at her, I would ask myself: 'Is *this* the promised end?' And I would go aside, not to pray, but to shed tears of anguish — tears which hardened my heart instead of relieving it, and led me to feel that I was ready to 'curse God and die.'

All the while I attended to whatever was necessary for me to do — to wit, the various suits of Bulldog, occasional meetings with our assignee, and consultations with Mr. Glynn as to the foreclosure of the premises we lived on. I endeavored to induce him to purchase the house; but this he declined to do, not wishing more property in real estate. He consented, however, to permit the house to be rented for one year, without interference on the part of the purchaser under the mortgage, and would also accommodate me as to the time of sale and in any other matter which should not impair the security. By selling under the mortgage, all possible dispute as to title would be removed, since a deed on the foreclosure would dispose of any question under the sheriff's sale by Bulldog; at the same time, since the buyer would know that the property *must* come to the hammer, he would not be likely to arrange in advance for its purchase at a sum certain, preferring to attend the sale and bid for it.

I said I attended to my necessary business. I did so mechanically, without the slightest interest in the work. I say mechanically, yet with that species of energy which indifference to whatever may happen always produces: with a singular forecast and shrewdness too, begotten of the same cause. I was moody, it is true, and at times harsh, but I had no more perturbations. The appearance of the sheriff with a dozen warrants of arrest, or the placing of a dozen keepers inside my house (except it might come to the knowledge of Florence) would not have stirred my blood to an extra pulsation. I took a species of grim delight in encountering Bulldog and sternly looking him out of countenance. The fellow was not lacking in knowledge of human nature. He perceived I was at bay, and he wisely took care not to expose himself unnecessarily. He kept on, nevertheless, with the steady prosecution of his various suits and counter-suits, but he no longer attempted any personal annoyance. I believe I have stated that Goulding was an elder in the church we were in the habit of attending. Indeed our pew was directly in front of his. Latterly I was careful to be at church regularly, that I might, as opportunity occurred, catch his eye and disturb him by my contemptuous expression. I would sometimes take pains to stop as we were leaving the church and speak to a mutual acquaintance with whom Goulding was already conversing, and enjoy his retreat on my coming up. Once I saw him going into the 'lecture-room' to attend the Thursday evening prayer-meeting, and I followed him in and took a seat beside him — a front-seat, such as he loved to select. Presently he was called to lead in prayer. He attempted to go on in his usual glib and unctuous manner, thanking the Lord for all His mercies, and following with a recital of a fearful catalogue of sins, of which he claimed to be guilty, (had he been accused

of committing the least in the list, he would have resented it with fierce indignation,) and triumphantly vindicating his right to be esteemed before his MAKER as the chief of sinners. I perceived, however, that Goulding was considerably embarrassed by my presence. It was evident that while he was praying, some peculiar magnetic relation was springing up between him and the man seated next to him—myself. He was not now in his counting-room dictating terms which should cause no matter what amount of distress and sorrow, but in the house of God, where his *rôle* was to be sanctimonious, exhibiting the calm serenity of a Christian character: dear, wise, good Mr. Goulding. Now, to have the man he was so wickedly persecuting, and whom he was resolved to destroy, present at an exhibition intended for his own peculiar audience: not only present, but evidently by special design, in close proximity; a critic on his words and sentences, an utter disbeliever in their sincerity; this had the effect, as I have said, to establish between Mr. Goulding and me a magnetic relation; and in so doing, displaced his relations with the listening saints around the house. Goulding *knew* I was saying to him in my heart: ‘Hypocrite! who devourest widows’ houses, and for a pretence makes long prayer.’ He stammered, he became confused; he prayed that ‘Satan might *continue* to have dominion over us.’ That ‘we all might have our portion in the lake which burneth with everlasting fire!’ The audience, though solemnly composed to worship, began to prick up their ears; a few turned their heads toward their elder, who was evidently wrestling in prayer and apparently getting the worst of it. Goulding became more and more confused, plunged from one bog to another, until he was forced to wind up in much confusion and in a profuse perspiration before he had completed half his usual performance. For the first time in his life he had made a failure, and I enjoyed his discomfiture.

I have no doubt the reader will consider this either a puerile or a wicked exhibition of my nature. Doubtless it was both. But I repeat, my design is to give a literal account of what occurred, and to show precisely into what a state of mind I had gradually fallen.

#### CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

I FELT ashamed—I hardly knew why—as I went home. Should my wife ask me where I had been, what would I say? However, with the satisfaction I enjoyed in witnessing Goulding’s perturbation, I did not allow that to disturb me much.

When I entered the parlor, Florence was reclining on the sofa quite alone. She welcomed me as I came in with unusual tenderness.

‘Will you hand me the BIBLE?’ she said.

I did so.

‘May I read to you?’

‘Do.’

She read a portion of the address of the ALMIGHTY to Job, commencing: ‘Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?’ When she had finished, she begged me to sit near her. She took my hand, held it in



both of hers, looked anxiously in my face, and said: 'Charles, here on this spot and at this time, we must not, O Charles! we *must* not make any mistake. It *cannot* be, with loss of fortune, of home, of friends, you are also to lose your faith in God's goodness and justice and love. Then, indeed, all is lost. I have regarded you, my husband, of late with trembling; I have watched you anxiously until your very thoughts are clear to me. In what you have passed through I have been unable to give you any aid, except the little my sympathy afforded. Now, it seems to me that I shall no longer be useless; now I can endeavor to dispel those unnatural thoughts which are breeding around your heart, which will produce blight and gangrene and death. Oh! no, no! You shall *not* cast off your only hope. God be praised, I still live to *compel* you to come with me—your Florence. You will not hesitate. You would never desert me, should dangers and terrors and death threaten; you will not desert me now when I lead you where you shall find peace and joy.'

My wife continued to plead eloquently that I would dismiss all bitterness of feeling and not permit my misfortunes to pervert my moral nature. . . . I heard her in silence.

There is a wayward element within our bosoms compelling us to hold out moodily against the entreaties and prayers of those we love. It is a portion of the 'ancient leaven' still undigested, which has for its essence, 'I am the spirit which ever *resists*.' It has wrecked many a soul, and grows more potent where apparently there is least opportunity or reason for its existence. It becomes hardened and obdurate under kindness, like flint under entreaty, nursing itself with the devil's own nutriment, indifference and scorn.

While my wife was addressing me so tenderly and so eloquently, I felt this spirit gradually taking possession of me. I was quite conscious all the while, but it was the consciousness of one oppressed by nightmare. I so far controlled myself, (strange to say,) as to resolve while I was exhibiting these wicked manifestations of the evil one, that I would yield in the end. But to do this became harder every moment.

At last Florence paused, discouraged, despairing. Clasping her hands tightly together, she sat and looked at me mournfully. Then resistance was at its height; for presently I saw the young girl who had stood beside me in the village church one bright June morning—saw *only* her. The moisture gathered in my eyes; the devil's wand was broken, and I exclaimed: 'Pshaw! what has been the matter with me, Florence; quite beside myself. There, I am sane—sane! God bless you, Florence, and whatever befalls us, let His name be praised.'

The spell was dissolved, the gangrene cut out, the plague-spot eradicated, and I saved—saved, it is true, to live on under intense suffering a life of wretchedness; but never forgetting there is a God who *reigns*, and never distrusting His wisdom or providence. All this was the work of Florence—her last work, her last loved work.

## CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

I SUCCEEDED in renting the house to a good tenant at a fair price, with the consent of Mr. Glynn that it should be sold subject to the rights of the lessee for that year. This would keep the interest on the mortgage paid and leave something toward our support.

The person who took the house had himself failed in business three years previous, and was my debtor for about a thousand dollars. He had made a respectable compromise, and I had been among the first to sign off. His affairs had taken a successful turn; he had made money fast, and was now, as he thought, able to take an expensive establishment.

The habits of our countrymen are a mystery to Europeans. Among the latter exists always a horror of coming to want, or as the French express it, *de tomber en misere*. The first thought is to provide some income, be it ever so small, which shall be certain and permanent. They look with amazement on what they term our reckless disregard of the future, and wonder at the lavish expenditure of persons who have no receipts beyond what they earn from year to year. As is usual, both are right, both wrong. There is not in this country, owing to the innumerable opportunities for getting on, based on its fresh and varied resources, the same necessity for that careful and provident provision for the future which exists in the old world. Here a young man, well educated and in good health, and of ordinary capacity, feels no need of the necessity for capital to enable him to rise. All he requires is honesty, activity and perseverance. We all understand this, and it makes us less thoughtful of what is to come. Unfortunately, it does more: it makes us thoughtless, and too often reckless in money matters. It leads to various extravagances, which produce strong contrasts from year to year in the fortunes of our ever-shifting population. But there is a salutary result at the bottom. PROVIDENCE makes no mistakes. Although we subject ourselves to the criticism of that prudent philosophy which teaches

‘A PIN a day, a groat a year,  
A penny saved is two-pence clear;’

still, let it never be forgotten that the sanguine and the restless are a *necessity* in a new country, and indeed are natural products of the soil. It is the sanguine and the restless who make a nation great. An old business community are not competent critics of the new. While Wall-street would not be content with the slow and steady gains of 'Change Alley, the latter regards with horror the precarious tenure with which here our money-kings hold their wealth and sway.

It was, therefore, with no feeling of surprise that I found Mr. Williams an applicant for our house; nor yet with any feeling of jealousy or chagrin. We both had had our struggles, and were about to change places. Something more than that, to be sure, since I was not in the favorable position of being freed from embarrassment. As it was, I experienced no heart-burnings nor foolish regrets. It was true it occurred to me that there was due from Williams over three hundred dollars. Ought he not to pay it? I had released him, but how far was he morally bound? This is a question which has been a good deal mooted. There are those theoretical moralists who do not entertain a solitary

practical notion, who hold that a man is bound to toil all his life for the purpose of attempting to pay a legal debt in full. Now, I admit it is most agreeable to be able to do so; and when it is done it is very apt to be heralded by a flourish of trumpets, and a proclamation of how the honest man has paid his hundred cents on the dollar, and interest, although he *had* been released! It will be discovered, I think, on investigation, that those who have done this had an abundance left after making payment. Sometimes this is done out of policy, often doubtless from a feeling of pride, and often it may be from a conscientious sense of duty. My own opinion is, that when in the chances of trade losses honestly occur which render a compromise necessary, this should be absolutely as well as legally regarded as final. Every merchant in his time releases a large sum to his debtors, and in the long run things are pretty equitably balanced. I do not believe any reader of mine who happened to take advantage of the general bankrupt law of 1841, feels it to be his duty to have toiled laboriously since then to pay up old scores. Neither is it a good policy in affairs that he should do so. The Hebrews understood this, and it led them to provide a year of jubilee. I recollect some years ago, one of our merchants, whose name is still associated with all that is upright and honorable in commercial dealing, and first in enterprises of benevolence, was said, a long time after his failure, to have paid all his obligations in full with interest. He was an acquaintance, and I felt sufficiently intimate with him to ask if this were so, and learned that he had a partner at the time, and subsequently after getting again into successful business had paid *his half* of the general indebtedness in full. Really he was not only legally but morally bound, if bound at all, to pay the whole; he had taken one of many views of the subject, and it does by no means disturb my own theory of the hazards, the philosophy and the morals of trade.

I quickly discarded, therefore, any latent idea that Mr. Williams, because he was now doing a prosperous business, ought to volunteer payment of the balance of his old debt. Practical application is the true touchstone, and with this I felt content to let Mr. Williams pass in honor 'scot free.\* The lease was signed and nothing remained but for him to take possession on the first of May. Mr. Norwood endeavored to make a sale of my wife's furniture to him, for most of it would be inappropriate in our new abode, but in this he was unsuccessful. Mr. Williams had already considerable of his own, and for the rest Mrs. Williams wished to purchase new furniture. The carpets, however, he would take.

I walked up and down over the house endeavoring to ascertain by what ar-

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\* We feel bound to defer in a measure to Mr. PARKINSON'S opinion of the moral or honorary liability on a discharged debt, in view of his large experience, and the attention he has devoted to the subject. We admit it is presented in a new light, and conscientiously presented. But we confess it disturbs our nerves somewhat. We have been accustomed to regard business obligations as always binding, and the act of grace by an indulgent creditor as no way morally releasing the debtor. Perhaps we did not sufficiently take into account the fact that matters of trade are founded on conventional rules, having for their basis a wise and liberalizing policy.

Again, if free pardon obtains under God's dispensation, it need not be inconsistent with man's method. It is, however, a question for the conscience of each individual, and thus we take leave of it.  
—EDITOR MEMOIRS.

rangement of certain articles in our new abode I could preserve a semblance of our old home. I am not only greatly attached to localities, but to specific things: a chair, a table, a book-case, for example. In my heart is associated with such objects, the scenes and incidents which have occurred during their occupation. It is hard to part from what use has made us familiar with; add to this the thousand little occurrences closely connected with one's *household furniture*. Here on this sofa your little ones have climbed about you; every piece of porcelain reminds you of happy scenes around the table; the arm-chair, what a history in the arm-chair! Are these not all friends, mute it is true, but pleasant to the sight, happy in the memory — the very lares and penates of your home? Think of an auctioneer rudely taking up one of these dear objects, exhibiting it to a gaping crowd, and urging with professional volubility an increase of offers. There, he has seized your wife's pretty sewing-chair: a little beauty, a birth-day present when expense was not thought of. It is passed around among a curious crowd; various remarks are elicited. You can hear yourself abused for your extravagance. Big, coarse Mrs. Easton, who weighs two hundred and forty pounds, undertakes to sit in it, and is vexed because the chair is too small for her; for by her own account she was crazy after it. Then a joke is perpetrated, and the sale goes on. All this is not very pleasant to a sensitive person, who loves to cherish his associations, and who makes his surroundings dear to him as a part and portion of his daily life.

My reflections were something after this sort as I walked musingly over the house. I did not call Florence into the consultation. Why? I did not dare confess why. But I found myself selecting many little things I knew were no longer of use to her, but which were dear to me because she *had* used them. . . .

I had previously consulted with Mr. Norwood as to what and how much the law permitted me to hold. I had read the generous list prepared by our law-makers, including 'all necessary pork, beef, fish, flour and vegetables actually provided for family use; and necessary fuel for the use of the family for sixty days,' etc. etc. etc., and which concludes with a later and more humane provision exempting 'in addition' one hundred and fifty dollars' worth of articles.\* Whatever should be the result of the litigation with Bull-

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\* To that portion of our readers who reside within the charmed precincts of well-invested wealth, who are 'gorgeously apparelled, and live delicately;' to whom the idea of a restricted want would be a novelty; we present a curiosity in literature: to wit, an extract from the Statute Book of the State of New-York which specifies what property is exempt from levy and sale under execution. Sincerely do we hope they will never be forced upon a more intimate knowledge of its contents than the bare perusal will now afford. It will be seen these provisions are intended to favor those who dwell in the country where favor is less needed than in town. A poor man in the city of New-York would find some difficulty in keeping a cow, ten sheep, two swine, and the necessary food for them; albeit, the law permits him to do so. We think some compensation should be provided for residents of cities by way of additional items in the exempt list, as an offset to these indulgences to the country.

PROPERTY EXEMPT FROM LEVY AND SALE UNDER EXECUTION.

1. 'ALL spinning-wheels, weaving-loomes and stoves, put up or kept for use in any dwelling-house.
2. 'The family BIBLE, family pictures, and school-books, used by or in the family of such person; and books not exceeding in value fifty dollars, which are kept and used as part of family library.
3. 'A seat or pew occupied by such person or his family in any house or place of public worship.

dog, I had a *right* to certain specific things, and this certain amount in value in furniture beside. With what could legally be held by my wife, added to it, our small tenement would be neatly furnished. All the furniture I owned and had assigned, would be sold at auction, together with such belonging to her as was thought inappropriate. Reluctantly in my mind I yielded this and that, retaining at the same time that and this by some such process of association as I have just spoken of. Descending again to the parlors, I caught sight of my wife going out of the dining-room, so as to escape to her own apartment without observation. I knew very well that she was about to lie down, and did not wish to attract my attention.

I received a letter the next day from the owner of the house I proposed to occupy. It was courteous in terms, but conveyed to me his decision, that he should require security for the rent. This was only reasonable, but it galled me nevertheless. I whose note a little before was so 'undoubted;' whose paper was considered, in the present parlance of the street, 'gilt-edged;' who received the congratulations of bank officers and wealthy financiers for my eminent success in affairs, to be called on to give security for three hundred and fifty dollars! That was only eighty-seven dollars and fifty cents per quarter, and security wanted. Well, was that not a fair indication that my future landlord, himself a shrewd man, taking all things into consideration, had decided that *the chances were against my paying him his rent?* Therefore he asked security. This conclusion was not more encouraging to my hopes than the demand itself was to my pride; but it was idle to resent it. Necessity is a great leveller. If I was to have a roof over my head, I must comply with the conditions. 'Beggars must not be choosers.'

Who would 'go' my security? That was the point. To whom could I apply? Out of all my friends, out of all those dear 'five hundred,' who had enjoyed the hospitality of my house; who had begged me to command their services on any and every occasion, to any and every amount; who would be security that I would faithfully pay eighty-seven dollars and fifty cents each and every three months for the space of one year?

Echo answered, 'Who!'

What nonsense, such reflections! Those friends of yours took you as you *were*. No clause in the articles provided for your bankruptcy; before, it was fair 'give and take,' now it is all on one side. You might command them, to be sure, but they expected to command you as well.

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4. 'All sheep to the number of ten, with their fleeces, and the yarn or cloth manufactured from the same; one cow, two swine, the necessary food for them; all necessary pork, beef, fish, flour and vegetables actually provided for family use; and necessary fuel for the use of the family for sixty days.'

5. 'All necessary wearing apparel, beds, bedsteads and bedding, for such person and his family; arms and accoutrements required by law to be kept by such person; necessary cooking utensils; one table; six chairs; six knives and forks; six plates; six tea-cups and saucers; one sugar-dish; one milk-pot; one tea-pot and six spoons; one crane and its appendages; one pair of andirons; and a shovel and tongs.'

6. 'The tools and implements of any mechanic necessary to the carrying on of his trade, not exceeding twenty-five dollars in value.'

A subsequent section, in addition to the above articles, exempts 'necessary household furniture, working-tools and team of any person having a family for which he provides, to the value of not exceeding one hundred and fifty dollars.'

Once more I had recourse to my counsel, once more Mr. Norwood proved a friend in need, and freely became my guarantee.

The lease was duly executed, and Mr. Norwood readily accepted as surety. The rooms were measured for carpets, the hall for oil-cloth, and various orders given to be executed before the first of May. Next came the preparations for the auction. The day fixed was the twenty-seventh of April. The auctioneers were the well-known house of A. A. Lee and Company. The list was carefully prepared; the reserved articles selected; those sold to Mr. Williams marked off, and a correct catalogue printed. Already had advertisements appeared in the daily papers, of the magnificent sale of household furniture at No. — Broadway, which should take place on the twenty-seventh day of April. The description was in the best style of Lee and Company, and all the concomitants worthy the name and fame of those accomplished auctioneers. A few more days, and all would be going, going, gone! . . . .

#### CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH.

THERE was no auction at our house on the twenty-seventh day of April. No moving out of it on the first day of May. A darkened chamber, a woman wearing a professional air of solemn solicitude near the bed, careful footsteps, voices scarcely above a whisper, loving countenances mournful, despairing, were tokens that some one 'appointed to die' lay on that couch, and that the time drew near.

The motions and counter-motions with Bulldog were no longer pressed; adjournments were consented to without question; delay granted on either side. For in that hour none were so hardy as not to acknowledge and pay respect to the approach of the destroyer.

It was sudden and swift. Another fresh cold led to acute inflammation of the lungs, and death was to follow. It is not my design to attempt to portray my anguish those few days, nor how watching by the bed-side of my wife I beheld her sink and die.

There are some of you who know what it is to hold the hand of the one most dear to you, and watch the feeble pulse, and while in your grasp to have it flutter and stop. It is a fearful moment, first filling your soul with awe and terror before the fountains of the heart can be loosed, and grief come to your relief. The history would be impressive, but could convey no *new* impression.

It was past the middle of the afternoon, on the third day of May; a pleasant day with warm sunshine and a balmy atmosphere. I returned to my wife's chamber, having been absent perhaps a half-hour. She asked me to send the nurse down-stairs, and to tell Alice to leave the room for a few moments. My heart beat violently, for I knew Florence designed to take a last parting. I did as she desired, and sat down by her side; it was the last scene of the drama, commencing with that pleasant little party in September, when — I am foolish to recall it: let it pass.

'Charles, *it is coming*, we have little to say to each other, for our whole life has been rounded from day to day by love. I leave you; I leave you to encounter misery and degradation, and what shall seem disgrace, but through



all you will preserve your integrity, and at the last there will come a season of repose. God permits me to see this, and to tell you, O my husband!' . . . After a pause she continued: 'I have one request to make,' her voice trembled. 'Keep them together. Keep them *all* around you. Promise me—you will not separate.'

'Never! while I have life, never!' I murmured. . . .

'Kiss me: call the children!' . . .

She died that evening.

#### CHAPTER EIGHTEENTH.

'THE dark sail shifts from side to side,  
The boat untrimmed admits the tide;  
Borne down, adrift, at random tost,  
The oar breaks short, the rudder's lost.'

I NEED not tell the reader how, the morning after my wife died, I rose with a feeling of utter insensibility and indifference to all that was transpiring. It seemed as if the world should stop in its daily avocations, and I could not realize that its machinery was in motion just as ever. I recollect going into the hall, and mechanically opening the street-door, and gazing out on Broadway. The sun shone glaringly. Why should the sun shine any more? Omnibuses and carriages of every description rolled noisily along. Why were they not silent? Business men were hastening to their several offices and counting-rooms. How useless! People of various conditions would stop and exchange cheerful salutations and lively pleasantries. Did they know *she* was dead?

So entirely do we color and shape externals out of our own profound egotism.

This period is generally a brief one in the experience of the mourner, especially if we be forced quickly back into the current from which we were withdrawn.

After the funeral—we buried my wife in Greenwood—my thoughts turned by necessity to my children. For a time, however, I found it impossible to summon the least energy or resolution. My situation is best described by the lines I have placed at the head of this chapter. I was nerveless, purposeless, regardless of the present, and without the least care for the future.

This season too has its limits, and even if, unlike my own case, we are not roused prematurely by stern necessity, the feelings gradually get into their former channels; the world which we regarded with indifference and disgust by degrees presents itself with the old charm, and we find ourselves returning its smile and friendly greeting. Soon we forget the poignancy of that grief which held so complete control over us; and lo! again we walk abroad, subdued somewhat by our sad experience, somewhat more timid perhaps in view of future possibilities, but wedded firmly as ever to our old habits, enjoying our old delights, eager in our old pursuits.

It was not very long before I became engaged as determinedly as before, resisting or attacking Bulldog and Company, fully resolved that if I were wrecked they should not benefit by the disaster.



Is the short period of our mourning humiliating to human nature? Does it indicate that it is capricious and unreliable? I do not think so. It would be impossible to live in this world of ours and carry around always such sharp grief. We may indulge in a tender melancholy, softening in its influences, and do our duty manfully, but it is providential that the season of intense sorrow is but brief.

Mr. Williams who was to take our house was very considerate of our situation. While my wife was ill, he sent me a message begging that I would not feel the least concern or solicitude about not being able to give it up on the day. Mrs. Williams felt that a few weeks at a hotel would be an agreeable change. When all was over, he called to condole with me, and insisted I should take time and have the auction on the premises, just as I had previously intended. I now attempted to address myself vigorously to the task of fitting up the new house, and arranging for the sale of furniture in the old. I had promised Florence not to separate myself from the children. Indeed I could not have done so if the pledge had not been given. They were now to be my only solace; for them alone I now was to live and toil and suffer. Alice appeared to grow suddenly into a woman; she was so thoughtful, so tender, so sympathizing. Sometimes I loved to believe that the spirit of my wife had communicated to her that maturity of feeling which was now so congenial and companionable. Little Charley and Anna were yet too young to grieve. They cried when their mamma was carried out of the house; they knew they would not see her any more, but in a day or two they were playing about quite as usual.

Again, in the daily journals appeared the advertisement of Lee and Company, announcing the 'splendid' sale of household furniture in Broadway. I was subjected to not a little annoyance by the calling of several female *friends* to ask about certain articles of furniture. Each was desirous to have some trifling memento of their dear Mrs. Parkinson. One fixed on the centre-table, another selected a fauteuil, a third a tea-set, and so forth. Their purpose in coming was to inquire if under the circumstances, (since they were desirous of procuring these several objects *merely* as souvenirs, having really no use for them whatever,) I could not consent that they should take them away before the sale, and at (delicately put in) a nominal price. Mrs. Amelia Vanderheyden assured me it would give poor Mrs. Parkinson, could she but know it—and perhaps she would know it—so much satisfaction to have that particular piece of furniture in *her* possession; it had always been a favorite with her, and on one occasion (and she was eloquently minute in particularizing when, how and where) my wife had actually proposed to present it to her, but she (Mrs. V.) was really ashamed to accept it, because she had just been praising it so.

I had but one answer to give to these disinterested souls, and that was, that I had no control whatever over the furniture or the sale. I must refer them to Mr. Norwood. Whereat I was subjected to certain polite but distinct innuendoes of 'how soon husbands were apt to forget their poor wives' requests, and slight their well-known wishes.'

There was a very fine grand-action piano among the articles to be sold;

the same instrument on which Alice was playing when the news arrived of the protest of Wise and Company's bills. I had paid only the year before nine hundred and fifty dollars for it. Mr. Norwood told me a friend of his stood ready to pay six hundred dollars, and would bid to that amount if it was thought necessary to sell it at auction, which he decided was the safe course. The day before the sale, Mr. Chandler, a merchant who claimed to hold me in very high esteem, called, and in a very condoling, patronizing tone said: 'Mr. Parkinson, motives of delicacy will prevent my attending a sale which is the breaking up of the establishment of an old and valued friend; but to relieve your mind about a pretty expensive article which will hardly find a purchaser, as times are, I will say I have left orders with a person to bid off your piano at four hundred dollars.'

I thanked Mr. Chandler a little bluntly perhaps, but gave no information that he would probably find a competitor at the sale.

'You know, Mr. Parkinson,' he continued, 'pianos are a drug, a perfect drug; yours, though a good one, would not bring over two hundred dollars, I dare say; but it is worth four hundred, and I give you my word I shall bid that amount, irrespective of competition. [He *did* bid up to six hundred and ten dollars, and it was struck off to Mr. Norwood's friend at six hundred and twenty, much to the chagrin of Mrs. Chandler, who had vowed she would have it.] Again I thanked this delicate-minded and generous man, and shortly after he took his leave.

'My friend,' said Mr. Norwood to me the evening before the sale, 'do you propose to be at the auction to-morrow?'

'Certainly.'

'I shall not consent to it,' he replied. 'The children of course are not to be here, you are all ready to leave; the other house quite prepared; I know almost as much about the property as you do. I will be present, and shall not permit too great a sacrifice. I invite myself to breakfast with you at seven,' he continued, 'and I invite myself to be your companion and escort to your new house.'

I knew how much there was disagreeable in store for me at that auction, but I thought I might be of service there, and I had decided to be present. I was easily persuaded to yield to my friend's advice, since he went on to descant upon what I should encounter.

'You will see there,' he said, 'every lady who knew your wife, with her daughters and nieces if she has any, roaming curiously over your house, and into every nook and corner. Your library and your breakfast-room, so pleasant in your recollection, will be invaded by Goths and Vandals. Women who make it a business to attend all auctions every where over the city will throng the halls and stair-cases. Men who go expressly to crowd among the women will help to add to the confusion, and——'

'Enough,' I exclaimed, 'let us go hence.'

The small house up-town had been neatly but very inexpensively furnished. A cheap piano was purchased, a very good one, for two hundred dollars. Alice had herself superintended the arrangement of the furniture. She displayed extraordinary energy, and I found myself taking an interest in every thing before I knew it. We had engaged a good-natured, serviceable Irish girl to do 'general house-work,' We were to have no other servant. Alice could not attend school any longer, but Charley and Anna were to go to a respectable day-school. Alice and I had planned it together, and we had carefully calculated expenses.

The morning came. Mr. Norwood arrived, and we sat down to our last breakfast *there*. It was eaten rapidly and in silence. Soon the carriage and baggage-wagon were before the door; what remained for us to take, was speedily removed. Mr. Williams had, on my recommendation, engaged our man, since he had employed none before. I had procured places for the other servants. Nothing more remained for us to do in our handsome house; we stepped into the carriage, the wagon followed, and we were soon entering our new abode. Then Mr. Norwood shook my hand, and praised Alice, and said a pleasant word to the children, and left for the auction. He had done every thing for me—made every arrangement. He had gone carefully over the estimate of the furniture which *I* could hold. Without any regard to the replevin suit, he had made such selections from my wife's furniture as we thought suitable, and which now belonged under the trust to the children. He had taken the responsibility of the sale, and was furnishing the necessary funds for carrying on the several suits in which I was involved. After an intimate acquaintance of fifteen years, he proved on the closest trial a *friend*, and I pay here this humble tribute to his memory.

The morning passed in unpacking and arranging. The day stole quietly away. The children appeared just as happy in the new house as in the old, and Alice enjoyed the satisfaction of making all comfortable by her careful oversight.

I did not quit the house that day, and it was not till late in the evening, after the children had retired, that a mournful home-sickness took possession of me. I had separated myself from my social life: a necessary act, but a severe one. I felt stricken with a sense of desolation. Presently something seemed to whisper: 'Cease your foolish repinings and regrets. *Pass down into that class, and accept your condition!*'

END OF PART FIRST.

## UTTERANCES OF ALALCOL.

BY HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

### WAR-SONG.

'WHERE are my foes? say, warriors, where? No forest is so black,  
That it can hide from my quick eye the vestige of their track:  
There is no lake so boundless, no path where man may go,  
Can shield them from my sharp pursuit, or save them from my blow.  
The winds that whisper in the trees, the clouds that spot the sky,  
Impart a soft intelligence to show me where they lie;  
The very birds that sail the air, and scream as on they go,  
Give me a clue my course to tread, and lead me to the foe.

'The sun, at dawn, lifts up his head to guide me on my way,  
The moon, at night, looks softly down and cheers me with her ray,  
The war-crowned stars, those beaming lights my spirit-fires at night,  
Direct me as I thread the maze and lead me to the fight.  
In sacred dreams, within my lodge, while resting on the land,  
Bright omens of success arise and nerve my warlike hand;  
Where'er I turn, where'er I go there is a whispering sound,  
That tells me I shall crush the foe and drive him from my ground.

'The beaming West invites me on, with smiles of vermil hue,  
And clouds of promise fill the sky and deck its heavenly blue,  
There is no breeze, there is no sign in ocean, earth or sky,  
That does not swell my breast with hope or animate my eye.  
If to the stormy beach I go, where heavy tempests play,  
They tell me but how warriors brave should conquer in the fray;  
All nature fills my heart with fires that prompt me on to go,  
To rush with rage and lifted spear upon my country's foe.'

### HOBBOMOK.

Neo created this continent for the use of the redmen. There was not room enough for the nations without it. He pushed it up from the bottom of the sea, with a strong arm, and this is the reason why some of the mountains reach so high toward the clouds as the Andes and the Applaches. Sea-shells and fishes can still be seen on rocks on some of the highest peaks of these mountains. But the redmen were very much troubled in these early periods by evil spirits, giants, and weendigoes or cannibals. Every high cliff, mountain and deep valley had its manetoos, who were jealous of men, and often led them astray in bogs, or overturned their canoes and drowned them in the water; they also gave us bad dreams at night, which surely betokened misfortune. Night and day we were beset by these evil spirits; and our Medas and Jossakeeds were continually kept at their arts to defend us from these evil influences.

When the Wabishkizzee, or white men, first came in ships to these coasts, they were inhabited by these bad spirits. All the islands of the coast were

possessed by these weendigoes and giants. One of the most remarkable of these beings was called Hobbomok.

Hobbomok was a great sagmore, and had authority over many bands; he was a great hunter and warrior, but he was also a prophet, at whose voice the people trembled. He lived on that part of the coast called Massachusetts, and being out a-fishing one day in his canoe, far from shore, he was driven out to sea and landed on an island called Nantucket. He was so pleased with the island that he determined to live there, and built a prophet's high-pointed lodge. He then took out of his smoking-pouch, some tobacco, and lit his pipe. The fumes rolled up toward the clouds, and this is the reason why there are so many fogs and mists along that part of the coast to this day. He was the first man that settled on that island; others followed him soon, and he became a very celebrated chief and prophet, whose fame extended far and wide. He found, by his incantations, that there were many Monetoos there, so that he could do wonders in the sight of the people. The red-headed wood-pecker and the turtle were two of his chief messengers. There was no man so famous among all the tribes as Hobbomok. He was a magician, and not only knew all the arts of his people, but also the secret arts of a Meda. He had a small, brown dog, with white paws, which he appeared to be in communication with. Some thought that this little dog was a spirit in disguise. Almost every thing in his lodge was covered with hieroglyphics; he had a little kind of music-board, marked in bright colors with these devices, which he could both read over and sing. He had a curious pipbigwun, with small holes in it like a flute, which he played when he sang, for he was a naigamood, or poet. There were two serpents that lived in the back part of his lodge, with whom he appeared to be on familiar terms. These serpents went away in the fall, before the weather became cold, and came back again in the spring. He also had a living rattlesnake in one of his large drums, which he used on solemn occasions.

Hobbomok had a power over all animals and birds and other forms of creation. He possessed a peculiar way of drawing fish to the shore. Ordinarily, he hunted small quadrupeds, partridges and other birds; but when he had a mind for fish, he took his drum and rattles and went down to the water and commenced an incantation. At this the fish came out of the deep water, and became so enamored with his songs, that he seized them and pitched them ashore. Every thing that happened was revealed to him in dreams. One night he dreamed that angels from heaven visited him. They had beautiful faces, and were clothed in colored robes, with long, bright hair. He had often seen the GREAT SPIRIT riding on the clouds, but he did not know how to interpret this dream.

One day the people, who had now become numerous, saw a great wonder on the sea. Large wings appeared to drop down from the clouds and tall trees to be growing on the surface of the water. Some thought it was a giant bird. It came rapidly toward the land. It proved to be a nabequon, or ship. When it came near the shore, it sent out a tiny little vessel or canoe, with men in it, having the ogima or captain of the nabequon with them. These strangers went up to Hobbomok's lodge and asked him what they called the country. The

prophet said it was Neo's land; Neo had made it for the red men; he had made it with many rivers and lakes and mountains, plains and forests, and filled them with game and fish and birds of all kinds. 'And what do *you* come here for?' said Hobbomok, fiercely looking at them. 'Does the GREAT SPIRIT send you?'

'I come,' said the ship-master, 'on an adventure. I have information for you and your people from the GREAT SPIRIT. I wish to land on your shores, and have a small piece of land to build a house on. I will teach you many things and make your people happy.'

At this moment the little brown dog with the white paws sat up, and looking straight in Hobbomok's face, said: 'Master, open your eyes and behold. This man is not what he professes to be; he is not directly sent here from Neo; he is a magician, who is seeking gold and pearls on these shores. He will kill and destroy all your animals from the forest; he will take all the fish from your streams; he will dam up all your large rivers, so as to prevent the fish from coming up from the sea; he will cover your plains with grain; he will build high-pointed houses, where men will call on the GREAT SPIRIT to injure you; he will overturn all your wigwams and Meda lodges. Especially will he destroy all your priests and prophets and seers. Look at his hair, it is *red*! Look at his eyes, they are *blue*! Look at his face, it is *white*! He is none of our kin, nor are any of his race. I take the film from your eyes. He is an enemy; see, he has a drawn arrow pointed at your heart. Raise a tempest and scout him from your coasts.' The dog ceased.

All at once it began to rain and hail, and a terrible tempest of wind arose. In this tempest the Wabishkizzee and his ship and men were engulfed in the sea, and their cries as they went down can still be heard in every loud tempest.

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#### THE THREE RACES OF MEN.

THE GREAT SPIRIT once directed one of the daughters of heaven to visit mankind. Her name was Atahentsic. She was handsome as the rainbow, and carried in her hand a silver box. This she placed on the ground before her. She then addressed the multitude in these words: 'The GREAT SPIRIT created three races of men, White, Red and Black. I bring a casket from Him, containing something emblematic of each race.' She then opened the box, and bid them come forward and choose. The first who came was the white man. He chose a book and a sickle. 'You have chosen well,' said she; 'your fortune shall be knowledge and labor.' The second who came was the red man. He chose a bow and arrow. 'With this,' she said, 'you shall rove the forests and kill the deer; but your history shall be written in blood.' The third who came was the black man. He put his hand into the box and drew out a hoe, emblematic of his subordinate position among men. He also drew out a musical instrument. 'You will work and dance,' said Atahentsic. She then stretched forth her hand and held out to the multitude—white, red and black—a beautiful plant of corn, saying: 'This is a gift from the MASTER OF LIFE; cultivate it and you shall be happy.' She also delivered to them a stalk

of the tobacco, with its red flowers waving in the air. 'It is a gift sacred to peace. You will use it on public occasions. It is an appeal to the GREAT SPIRIT for the truthfulness of what you say.'

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THE ORIGIN OF THE LAKES.

OZHEÖD\* created men and Monetoos, or spirits, but He could not always keep them in peace. Isheoda, Noden, and Neebee, the spirits of fire, air, and water, went to war. The fire-spirits lived under ground, and often shook the earth by their power. Their king, or Ogima, came out on the surface of the earth one day, and seeing Atahentsic, the daughter of Wudjoo the King of the Mountains, fell in love with her and carried her off. She was very handsome and very proud, and all the spirits were enamored with her. Noden, to obtain the maid, split the earth open. The fire-spirits sent up flames through the opening and melted the rocks. The Neebunaubaigs, or water-spirits, then mustered their powers from the north and filled up the orifices with water.

To stop the war and produce peace among His subjects, OZHEÖD sent a gift to Wudjoo the King of the Mountains — a gift called Usama, or tobacco, with His commands to call the spirits together and smoke. It is a sacred weed and a gift of peace. Send messengers, said He, with this boon, to the warring and angry spirits. They obeyed him, and met together on a high mountain of Lake Superior, called Kaug-Wudjoo, where they at first began to boast and try their powers. The Spirit of Fire raised up his war-club, and there came up out of the rocks streams of melted metals, red, white and yellow; and this is the reason why the rocks of Lake Superior are so full of copper, iron and other metals at this day. The Spirits of Water and of Wind united their powers, producing a tempest, whereby large fragments of black and red rocks were carried and spread over the plains reaching to the Mississippi River, where they are still to be seen. After this trial of their powers, the spirits sat down in a circle to smoke the gift sent to them, Papuckawiss acting as Mudjekewiss, or pipe-bearer and master of ceremonies. He lit the ceremonial pipe with a spark of fire obtained from collision with flint. He then held the pipe up toward the zenith, then to the east, west, north and south alternately, and having done this, he carried it round to each chief or spirit. After indulging a long time in this rite, in which all the spirits united, Papuckawiss knocked the ashes carefully out of the pipe. The Spirit of Wind then blew away all these ashes and filled up all the orifices, which made rich land where corn might grow.

In this way the country was prepared for the residence of man, and the great lakes, Superior, Huron, Michigan, Erie and Ontario were formed. But Atahentsic was not recovered, neither did she become the wife of Isheoda the Fire Spirit. She had made acceptable offerings to OZHEÖD the Creator, who took her to heaven, where she is still to be seen as the morning star.

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\* CREATOR of Heaven and Earth.



## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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PAMPINEA AND OTHER POEMS. By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. In one Volume: pp. 72.  
New-York: RUDD AND CARLTON.

A CLEVER bard, a dainty and a sensuous, (not sensual) is THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH: a fact of which *our* readers, at least, are not ignorant. His are the *aesthetics* of poetical portraiture and enjoyment. His fancy is exceedingly delicate: in *detail*, almost attenuated: and yet his pictures of nature are as clear as KENSETT's, and his portraits as 'biting' as the best limnings of ELLIOTT. Of the former, take *this* for an example: '*Piscataqua River*' it is 'hight:' once before extolled poetically in these pages, but never so felicitously as here:

'Thou singest by the gleaming isles,  
By woods and fields of corn,  
Thou singest, and the heaven smiles  
Upon my birth-day morn.

'But I within a city, I,  
So full of vague unrest,  
Would almost give my life to lie  
An hour upon thy breast.

'To let the wherry listless go,  
And wrapped in dreamy joy,  
Dip, and surge idly to-and-fro,  
Like the red harbor-buoy!

'To sit in happy indolence,  
To rest upon the oars,  
And catch the heavy earthy scents  
That blow from summer shores:

'To see the rounded sun go down,  
And with its parting fires  
Light up the windows of the town  
And burn the tapering spires!

'And then to hear the muffled tolls  
From steeples slim and white,  
And watch, among the Isles of Shoals,  
The Beacon's orange light.

'O River! flowing to the main  
Though woods and fields of corn,  
Hear thou my longing and my pain  
This sunny birth-day morn!

'And take this song which sorrow shapes  
To music like thine own,  
And sing it to the cliffs and capes  
And crags where I am known!'

One of the best things in the volume, to our taste, is '*The Tragedy*,' wherein the author, having gone to the opera to hear '*The Dame with the Camellias*' sung, is attracted by a single face in the brilliant audience :

'T was that of a girl whom I had known  
In the summers long ago,  
When her breath was like the new-mown hay,  
Or the sweetest flowers that grow —  
When her heart was light, and her soul was white  
As the winter's driven snow.

'T was in our own New-England  
She breathed the morning air;  
'T was the sun-shine of New-England  
That blended with her hair;  
And modesty and purity  
Walked with her every where !

'All day like a ray of light she played  
About old HARVEY's mill;  
And her grand-sire held her on his knee  
In the evenings long and still,  
And told her tales of Lexington,  
And the trench at Bunker's Hill —

'And of the painted Wamponsags,  
The Indians who of yore  
Built their wigwams out of bark  
In the woods of Sagamore;  
And how the godly Puritans  
Burnt witches by the score !'

A rake of a cousin from the metropolis, 'with his city airs and handsome eyes,' had 'led her soul astray' :

'ONE night they left the cottage —  
One night in the mist and rain;  
And the old man never saw his child  
Nor RICHARD MAY again;  
Never saw his pet in the clover patch,  
In the meadow nor the lane.

'Many a dreary winter came,  
And he had passed away;  
And we never heard of her who fled  
In the night with RICHARD MAY;  
Never knew if she were alive or dead  
Till I met her at the play !

'And there she sat with her great brown eyes,  
They wore a troubled look;  
And I read the history of her life  
As it were an open book;  
And saw her Soul, like a slimy thing  
In the bottom of a brook.

'There she sat in her rustling silk,  
With diamonds on her wrist,  
And on her brow a slender thread  
Of pearl and amethyst.  
'A cheat, a gilded grief!' I said,  
And my eyes were filled with mist.

'I could not see the players play,  
I heard the music moan;  
It moaned like a dismal autumn wind,  
That dies in the woods alone;  
And when it stopped I heard it still,  
The mournful monotone !'

We agree with a contemporary critic, in whom we think we recognize a popular brother-poet, and a favorite correspondent of this Magazine, that *this* 'Year's volume of Mr. ALDRICH has better characteristics than its predecessors : 'it shows the possession of higher faculties, and the awakening of a more æsthetic taste on the part of the author. Its tone is more subdued ; its sentiments are riper. His fondness for rich color is still visible, but his color itself is somewhat sobered : he has more faith in neutral tints than formerly, and is willing to acknowledge that some things can even be done in marble. We mean by this, that he is sometimes content to be merely thoughtful ; to present his thoughts in their intellectual nakedness, whereas before he clothed them in the purple and fine linen of poesy.' The little book is a very handsome one, being excellently well printed, upon delicately-tinted paper, while its binding is 'in a concatenation accordingly.'

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THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC: A HISTORY. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. In Three Volumes: pp. 1825. With a copious Index. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WE have read these three volumes *through*: and as we read, and admired, we had the hope 'largely developed,' (as 'dear Dr. FRANCIS' used to say,) that our elder 'Brothers of SAINT NICHOLAS,' Mr. VERPLANCK, Dr. VERMILYE, DE PEYSTER OGDEN, and others 'of that ilk,' who have so often dwelt, on the occasion of our anniversaries, upon the 'glorious Dutch Republic,' were enjoying at the same moment the intellectual treat which was spread out before us. Of one thing at least we are now well assured: and that is, that Mr. MOTLEY stands in the very front rank of modern historians. He has brought his style, which is essentially *his own*, to very great perfection. It is terse; it is picturesque; it is preëminently pure and flowing. His descriptions of scenery are *pictures*: in proof of which, we need only refer the reader to the opening chapters, describing the early 'Netherlands,' or 'Holland.' The simple vernacular *words* in these chapters are actually redolent of the oozy, spongy soil: while the portraits of his heroes, the grouping and contrast of character, are not less striking and felicitous. The amount of research displayed in these volumes is enormous. Not only has their author made himself thoroughly acquainted with all which had previously been published upon the subject, but he has added much to what was hitherto known of the secret workings of the actors in the scenes which took place in Europe during the sixteenth century. He has not only 'carefully studied all the leading contemporary chronicles and pamphlets of Holland, Flanders, Spain, France, Germany, and England,' but has drawn largely upon those mines of historic wealth, which are to be found in the secret archives of Holland, of Spain, and of England. One of our most distinguished critics, speaking of the life and vigor which characterize Mr. MOTLEY's work, well and truly says, that 'There is warmth and glow in every part. We meet with no dead matter, or matter which, if not in itself dead, hangs its life on the greater one of which it is a part, but to which it contributes and is subordinate. Mr. MOTLEY has no fancy for collecting facts as boys collect the dried and cast-off shells of locusts which they find clinging to trees,

from which the warmth and spirit fled long ago.' Each of his details is but a tint laid on to develope the nicety and graduate the colors of his paintings of men, their minds and actions; for which we would have but a poor substitute in mere sharp outlines, which, however impressive from their simplicity and broad treatment, and valuable from their display of the flight of human progress from lofty peak to peak, over chasms of confused events and long tracts of time, could hardly compensate for the loss of vividness and subtle charm of detailed color of a more elaborated painting. His characters not only act but speak, and not with feigned words put into their mouths, such as the dramatist may imagine would fitly express the thought of their hearts and reveal them to us, or show his personages in their dealings with men, and appropriately belong to his characters; but with the very words which fell from the mouths of statesmen, kings, leaders, the populace in the streets, and were noted and garnered up in store-houses of diplomacy, in state papers, offices, in archives, to be restored by our historian to the tongues which uttered them: for he himself tells us, that 'no personage is ever made, in the text, to say or to write any thing except what, upon the best evidence of eye and ear-witnesses, he is known to have said or written. It is no longer permitted to historians — as was formerly the case, from the times of Livy to those of Cardinal BENTIVOGLIO — to invent harangues, letters and conferences. Where my narrative, for the convenience of the reader, is thrown into dramatic form, the words — not the substance merely, but the *ipsissima verba* — have been gathered from authentic documents. The reader may be sure that he is never made to be present at imaginary conversations, which, however agreeable and instructive in works intentionally fictitious, are quite out of place in those which claim to be historical.' Such would be the impression, we venture to say, of nine out of every ten of his readers, without this assurance of our conscientious and faithful historian, whom no labor could daunt, no troublous exploration or wearisome research appal: and yet he is never oppressed by the weight of details, but always shows himself superior to his subject. 'With no less love of precision and accuracy than the critic in philology, or the commentator on the classics, his imagination never sleeps. He is always imbued with the spirit of the occasion; full of sympathy with the heroes of his story; entering with almost the warmth of personal love or hate into the characters which he portrays; and without seeking the flowers of rhetoric, kindling every scene that he describes with the richest glow of fancy.'

The 'embarrassment of riches' in our marked passages from these volumes would almost prevent selection, even had we the requisite space for quotation. The opening descriptive chapters, the destruction of the Spanish Armada; the portraits of LEICESTER, ELIZABETH, of the 'Three HENRY's, (especially he of Navarre, the leader of the Huguenot party,) largely engaged our pencil as we read: but we must pass them all by, referring the reader to the work in which they have their being, as if at present living and moving upon the great stage of action. We are glad, but not surprised, to hear that seven thousand copies of this work have already been demanded of the publishers, and that still another large edition has just been sent to press, while its success has been equally remarkable in Great-Britain. Excellently well printed, upon good paper, and *really* 'illustrated' by the noble head of WILLIAM of Orange, of glorious memory.

SCHOOLCRAFT'S GREAT NATIONAL WORK : ARCHIVES OF ABORIGINAL KNOWLEDGE. Containing all the Original Papers laid before Congress respecting the History, Antiquities, Language, Ethnology, Pictography, Rites, Superstitions and Mythology of the INDIAN TRIBES OF THE UNITED STATES. In Six Volumes, Imperial Quarto. By HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT, LL.D. Philadelphia: J. B. LIPPINCOTT AND COMPANY.

THE publishers announce that, since the recent act of Congress granting to the author the ownership of this important work, they have made arrangements for its publication and sale; and they now offer it to the public in the elegant style of the edition recently furnished by order of Congress. It is a monument of labor, research and learning; for it forms a complete *Thesaurus*—an overflowing treasury of knowledge, respecting the Aborigines of America. It embraces their history, ethnography, antiquities and languages; their ancient and modern geography; their manners and customs, religion and superstitions; their agriculture, commerce and trade; their ornamental arts, and their physical and intellectual peculiarities. All these subjects are treated, not in a general and summary manner, but in detail, each topic being patiently and thoroughly discussed and exhausted; the work, although mainly executed by the author's own hand, having received the contributions of many *savans* thoroughly conversant with particular subjects embraced in its pages.

The author, HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT, Esq., long and favorably known to the readers of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, may be said to have passed a long life in preparation for the proper execution of this great national work. He spent his early years of manhood among them as Indian agent, and thus learned the Indian character in all its phases. His subsequent pursuits brought him still into constant intimate relations with Indian affairs; and when, by the liberality of the Government of the United States, he was enabled to publish the rich results of his extensive observation and study in a style of magnificence corresponding with the importance of the subject, he did not fail to avail himself of the best talent in the country, and to incorporate in this great national work the fruits of all the researches of other travellers, government officers, and men of science, who had made the Indians a special subject of study.

The result is such a work as could have been produced in no other way. It is the most complete and thorough collection of treatises relating to the Indians, and comprises also the only general history of the aboriginal race which has ever been published. It is literally a *Library of Indian History and Ethnography*, and embraces within itself the substance of all that is known concerning the tribes as tribes, and the race as a race. To the scholar, the historian, the statesman, and the philologist, such a work is indispensable. No public or well-appointed private library can be considered complete without it; and the general reader who wishes for satisfactory and reliable information about the Indians as they are at the present time, or as they have been at any previous period since America was discovered, must have recourse to these volumes. The illustrations of the 'Archives' are executed in the most complete and finished style, evidently 'without regard to expense;' and, as a whole, they comprise one of the proudest monuments of American art. The subscription-price of the work is eleven dollars per volume.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH: A BIOGRAPHY. By WASHINGTON IRVING. With Illustrations. In one Volume: pp. 382. New-York: G. P. PUTNAM, 532 Broadway.

THE enterprising and tasteful publisher to whom we are indebted for this beautiful volume, has established for himself the reputation of a public benefactor: and this reputation he richly deserves at the hands of his reading countrymen. He is giving to American readers, in the most convenient and elegant form, and at the most reasonable prices, *all the writings of Washington Irving*. What a LIBRARY, 'various, rich and rare,' do these present! Pictured history; portraiture, 'as faithful to life as life itself;' humor the most felicitous and genial, and pathos that melts into the heart, and overflows the eyes — all elements in literature, in short, which once read, can never be forgotten by any reader who has a particle of fancy or imagination, or one atom of heart. But why dwell upon a theme such as this? WASHINGTON IRVING is read, and will continue to be read, wherever the English language is spoken or translated, through all the coming generations. 'Comparisons' may be 'odorous:' but while WASHINGTON IRVING is always himself, and his style is emphatically his own, yet he was the 'American GOLDSMITH,' past all gainsaying or peradventure.

We have no hesitation in asserting, that in our judgment WASHINGTON IRVING's 'Life of OLIVER GOLDSMITH' is one of the best, the most entertaining, the most natural biographies of the last three centuries. The writer's heart was full of his subject: his sympathies were with him in all his sorrows and trials, in all his successes and triumphs: and familiar as these may be to all who have treasured the writings of the author of '*The Vicar of Wakefield*,' his latest biographer has invested them with a new interest. The style of no writer since his time was unconsciously so much like GOLDSMITH's as that of IRVING. No one familiar with the works of the latter, but will at once admit that the following might as justly and as truly have been written of IRVING as of GOLDSMITH: 'There are few writers for whom the reader feels such personal kindness as for OLIVER GOLDSMITH, for few have so eminently possessed the magic gift of identifying themselves with their writings. We read his character in every page, and grow into familiar intimacy with him as we read. The artless benevolence that beams throughout his works; the whimsical yet amiable views of human life and human nature; the unforced humor, blending so happily with good feeling and good sense, and singularly dashed at times with a pleasing melancholy; even the very nature of his mellow and flowing and softly-tinted style, all seem to bespeak his moral as well as his intellectual qualities, and make us love the man at the same time that we admire the author. While the productions of writers of loftier pretension and more sounding names are suffered to moulder on our shelves, those of GOLDSMITH are cherished and laid in our bosoms. We do not quote them with ostentation; but they mingle with our minds, sweeten our tempers, and harmonize our thoughts: they put us in good humor with ourselves and with the world, and in so doing they make us happier and better men.'

We have before mentioned in these pages the estimation in which WASHINGTON IRVING, in this biography, holds the sneaking, prying, envious, selfish Scotch toady, BOSWELL, who labored so hard to undervalue GOLDSMITH in the

eyes of JOHNSON, and in various ways to undermine his plans for bettering his condition, and enhancing the character of his social position. It is fortunate that the best life of GOLDSMITH should also contain the best incidental sketch of his mean traducer. The illustrations of the work are well designed and engraved, and clearly printed: while the beautifully tinted, strong paper and neat binding leave nothing to be desired.

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THE WITS AND BEAUX OF SOCIETY. By GRACE and PHILIP WHARTON. With Illustrations from Drawings by H. K. BROWNE and JAMES GODWIN. In one Volume: pp. 481. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS is a book to be read piece-meal. The sketches are graphic and spirited, and they have the great merit of not being over-written. But the beaux of the olden time were too much alike in their general characteristics to make their several histories pleasant reading 'at a sitting': at most, we should advise the consideration of two at a time, until the whole series, nineteen in number, including the 'wits,' down to THEODORE HOOK and SYDNEY SMITH, of our day and generation, had been accomplished. BEAU NASH and BEAU BRUMMELL, with the 'doings' of the one, and the sayings of the other, are well known to fame; yet there are some 'features' of each presented in this book which will be new, we think, to many readers. Judging from our own too little acquaintance with the other worthies mentioned, we take it that the sketches of GEORGE VILLIERS, Second Duke of Buckingham, Count DE GRAMMONT, Lord ROCHESTER, CONGREVE, the Abbé SCARRON, (the 'laughing' wretch!) ROCHEFOUCAULT, and the Duc de St. SIMON, will convey to the American reader much fresh and entertaining matter. After all, however, it is sad to see what a heartless and profligate set most of the beaux and wits of the olden times were. One sickens at the thought that such 'bright particular stars' in their artificial firmament as BRUMMELL and LOVELACE, (the latter not included, we are somewhat surprised to see, in this collection,) should have sunk into such utter darkness before the close of their varied but unhappy career. The annals of the 'wits' in this volume contain a striking moral application. They show how little the sparkling attributes so effectively portrayed conferred happiness; how far more the rare, though certainly real touches of genuine feeling and strong affection which here and there appear in the lives of the most thoughtless, elevate the character in youth, or console the spirit in age. Happily, the time has come when mere 'wits,' as a distinct class, are repudiated; when good feeling, general intelligence, and personal probity are required as 'a compensation for repartees or practical jokes.'

And apropos of this: we are glad to see that THEODORE HOOK and his memory are set down for 'what they are worth,' and what they teach. Since we read, three or four years ago, in a memoir of Hook, that he 'had a contempt for Hood'—who was as much beyond himself as a wit and humorist as he was as a MAN, with a warm heart in his bosom—we have believed thoroughly in the truth of the picture here drawn of the heartless, soulless joker. That he envied Hood, and was annoyed at his superiority over him in the very qual-



ities upon which he ostentatiously prided himself, is abundantly apparent. Hook was a *maker* of puns — puns ‘dragged in by ear and horn’ into all conversations, whether appropriate or not: Hood, on the contrary, was an *utterer* of puns which sprang from the occasion, and were as much a ‘part of himself’ as his nose. Hood *dug* for puns: he lay in ambush for them: but the game was seldom worth the trouble. ‘He was a jester,’ we read; ‘a fool, in many senses; although he did not, like Solomon’s fool, say in his *heart* very much. He jested away even the practicals of life: jested himself into disgrace, into prison, into contempt, into the basest employment, that of a libeller. He was a *certified* jester. He had all the impudence, all the readiness, all the indifference of a jester — and a jester he was.’ Yes: and the biographist and truthful commentator might have added, in our expressive American phrase, ‘he was n’t *any thing else*.’ His ‘practical jokes’ were not simple annoyances, practised upon innocent people: they were only deliberate cruelties, which could only have originated with a thoroughly heartless man — a ‘funny man.’ Heaven save us from the companionship of a merely ‘Funny Man!’

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THE WORKS OF FRANCIS BACON, Baron of Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, and Lord High Chancellor of England. Volume XIV.; being Volume IV. of the Literary and Professional Works. Boston: BROWN AND TAGGARD.

As each successive volume of this superb edition of BACON’S works is printed, we feel an increased gratitude to the enterprising publishers who have undertaken, and thus far with entire success, to present to the public a most perfect collection of the writings of one of the greatest men that ever lived. These volumes are just the right size; with just the proper type; with the best paper, a choice cream-color, indicating the richness of the material within. Whoever aspires to a library should place this edition on the shelves. With the design of contributing our mite toward rescuing the character of Lord BACON from the envious detractors of his good name, we have lately printed in the body of our Magazine some admirable articles by Judge EDMONDS. These, with several critical notices which have already appeared in our pages, will testify our appreciation of the man. In the volume now placed on our table we have enough in BACON’S ‘Confession of Faith,’ to show how this great man was also the humble Christian. Let certain philosophers of the progressive school, especially that class who are accustomed to speak of the sayings and doings of ‘JESUS’ with a patronizing complacency, read the ‘Confession’ of one before whose intellect their own dwarfs into insignificance. Let them regard his humble faith in ‘CHRIST the SAVIOUR,’ and, if they can, let them profit by it.

Beside the ‘Confession of Faith,’ we have the ‘Sacred Meditations,’ ‘Translations of Certain Psalms,’ and ‘Christian Paradoxes.’ Then comes the commencement of the ‘Professional Works,’ embracing in this volume ‘Maxims of the Law,’ ‘Reading on the Statute of Uses,’ ‘The Use of the Law.’ We earnestly hope that the publishers who have shown so much enterprise in getting out this work will reap something more substantial than the praise of the critics. In short, we trust the public will add the proof of their appreciation by ample orders. Mr. E. FRENCH, Number 35 Cedar-street, is the Agent for New-York.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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INTERMINGLED NOTES OF KNICKERBOCKER EDITORIAL NARRATIVE AND CORRESPONDENCE. — The accidental mislayal (that strikes us as a good word, whether found in any of the differing 'authentic' dictionaries or not) of one or two letters from TYRONE POWER, and 'Gentleman ABBOTT,' both of whom contributed to our pages long years ago, has prevented our carrying out, in the present number, the 'contrast in reminiscence,' of which we spake, in concluding our recollections of the late Rev. HENRY B. BASCOM, the most eloquent of all the eminent orators in the Methodist connection. The personal reminiscences of 'Poor POWER' and 'Gentleman ABBOTT,' (both true MEN and true GENTLEMEN,) are engendered, however, if not recorded: and our readers shall hear *from* and *of* them, in our next number. In the mean time, let us revive the recollection of 'a matter which is as good as a play:' so at least thought WASHINGTON IRVING, (with love and reverence let his name always be spoken in these pages!) through whose kind instrumentality — exercised for us in this as in an hundred similar cases — we received it. It will make our railroad friends, and 'their name is legion' throughout the country, laugh consumedly.

'Well, what *was* it? — and who was it *written* by? Do n't keep us waiting all day.'

'Jes so — yaës!' as JACK DOWNING would say: and it *was* no less a man than the 'immortal JACK DOWNING,' (the *political* 'crittur,' we mean, not the no less clever *original* 'JACK,' Mr. SEBA SMITH,) Mr. CHARLES AUGUSTUS DAVIS, who wrote for us

### 'The First Locomotive,'

just thirty years, as he said in his opening, after the first steam-boat of FULTON ascended the Hudson, being the first *practical* application of a steam-engine to water conveyance. 'It is not my purpose,' he adds satirically, 'to enter the list of disputants, lately sprung up, striving to prove that the immortal FULTON was *not* the first successful projector of a steam-boat. In common with the world, I can but mourn over the poverty of history, that tells not of any *previous* successful effort of the kind. Steam, no doubt, was known before. The first tea-kettle that was hung over a fire, furnished a clear development of that important agent. But all I can say now is, that I never heard of a steam-boat, before the 'Clermont' moved her paddles on the Hudson. The invention was not only of this country, but no other country yet knew of it. In fact the

invention had not yet even reached the Mississippi: for it was not until a year after, that a long-armed, high-shouldered keel-boatman, who had just succeeded in doubling a bend in the river by dint of hard pushing, and run his boat in a quiet eddy for a resting spell, saw a steam-boat gallantly paddling up against the centre current of that 'Father of Waters;' and gazing at the scene with mingled surprise and triumph, he threw down his pole, and slapping his hands together in ecstasy, exclaimed: 'Well done, old Massassippi! May I be eternally smashed, if you ha' n't got your match at last!' But this was 'neither here nor there:' his 'mission' was, to record for all future time a faithful history of '*The First Locomotive*;' being evidently determined, that at least *that* branch of the great steam-family should know its true origin. And here begins our segregated picture:

'In the year 1808, I enjoyed the never-to-be-forgotten gratification of a *paddle* up the Hudson, on board the aforesaid first steam-boat that ever moved on the waters of any river, with passengers. Among the voyagers was a man I had known for some years previous, by the name of JABEZ DOOLITTLE. He was an industrious and ingenious worker in sheet-iron, tin, and wire; but his greatest success lay in wire-work, especially in making 'rat-traps;' and for his last and best invention in that line, he had just secured a patent; and with a specimen of his work, he was then on a journey through the State of New-York, for the purpose of disposing of what he called 'county rights;' or, in other words, to sell the privilege of catching rats, according to his patent trap. It was a very curious trap, as simple as it was ingenious; as most ingenious things are, *after* they are invented. It was an oblong wire box, divided into two compartments; a rat entered one, where the bait was hung, which he no sooner touched than the door at which he entered fell. His only apparent escape was by a funnel-shaped hole into the other apartment, in passing which he moved another wire, which instantly *re-set* the trap; and thus rat after rat was furnished the means of 'following in the foot-steps of his illustrious predecessor,' until the trap was full. Thus it was not simply a trap to catch a rat, but a trap by which rats trapped rats, *ad infinitum*. And now that the recollection of that wonderful trap is recalled to my memory, I would respectfully recommend it to the attention of the treasury department, as an appendage to the sub-treasury system.\* The 'specification' may be found on file in the Patent-Office, number eleven thousand seven hundred and forty-six.

'This trap, at the time to which I allude, absolutely divided the attention of the passengers; and for my part, it interested me quite as much as did the steam-engine; because, perhaps, I could more easily comprehend its mystery. To me the steam-engine was Greek; the trap was plain English. Not so, however, to JABEZ DOOLITTLE. I found him studying the engine with great avidity and perseverance, insomuch that the engineer evidently became alarmed, and declined answering any more questions.

'Why, you need n't snap off so tarnal short,' said JABEZ; 'a body would think you had n't got a patent for your machine. If I can't meddle with you on the water, as nigh as I can calculate, I'll be up to you on land, one of these days.'

'These ominous words fell on my ear, as I saw JABEZ issue from the engine-room, followed by the engineer, who seemed evidently to have got his steam up.

'Well,' said I, 'JABEZ, what do you think of this mighty machine?'

'Why,' he replied, 'if that critter had n't got riled up so soon, a body could tell more about it; but I reckon I've got a little notion on 't;' and then taking me aside and looking carefully around, lest some one should overhear him, he 'then and there'

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\* 'TAKE the idea?' There was a collateral 'politic' in this, 'at *that* time?'—EDITOR KNICKERBOCKER.

assured me in confidence, in profound secrecy, that if he did n't make a *wagon* go by steam, before he was two years older, then he'd give up invention. I at first ridiculed the idea; but when I thought of that rat-trap, and saw before me a man with sharp, twinkling gray eyes, a pointed nose, and every line of his visage a channel of investigation and invention, I could not resist the conclusion, that if he really ever did attempt to meddle with hot water, we should hear more of it.

'Time went on. Steam-boats multiplied; but none dreamed, or if they did, they never told their dreams, of a steam-wagon; for even the name of 'locomotive' was then as unknown as 'loco-foco.' When, about a year after the declaration of the last war with England, (*and may it be the last!*) I got a letter from JABEZ, marked 'private,' telling me that he wanted to see me 'most desperately,' and that I must make him a visit at his place, 'nigh Wallingford.' The din of arms, and the destruction of insurance companies, the smashing of banks, and suspension of specie payments, and various other inseparable attendants on the show and 'pomp and circumstance of glorious war,' had in the mean time entirely wiped from memory my friend JABEZ, and his wonderful rat-trap. But I obeyed his summons, not knowing but that something of importance to the army or navy might come of it. On reaching his residence, imagine my surprise, when he told me, he believed he 'had got the notion.'

'Notion?—what notion?' I inquired.

'Why,' says he, 'that *steam-wagon* I tell'd you about, a spell ago; but,' added he, 'it has pretty nigh starved me out;' and sure enough, he did look as if he had been on 'the anxious-seat,' as he used to say, when things puzzled him.

'I have used up,' said he, 'plaguey nigh all the sheet-iron, and old stove-pipes, and mill-wheels, and trunnel-heads in these parts; but I've succeeded; and for fear that some of these 'cute folks about here may have got a peep through the key-hole, and will trouble me when I come to get a patent, I've sent for you to be a witness; for you was the first and only man I ever hinted the notion to; in fact,' continued he, 'I think the most curious part of this invention is, that as yet I do n't know any one about here who has been able to guess what I'm about. They all know it is an invention of some kind, for that's my business, you know; but some say it is a thrashing-machine, some a distillery; and of late, they begin to think it's a shingle-splitter; but they'll sing another tune when they see it spinning along past the stage-coaches,' added he, with a knowing chuckle, 'won't they?'

'This brought us to the door of an old clap-boarded, dingy, long, one-story building, with a window or two in the roof, the knot-holes and cracks all carefully stuffed with old rags, and over the door he was unlocking was written, in bold letters, 'NO ADMITTANCE.' This was his 'sanctum sanctorum.' I could occupy pages in description of it, for every part exhibited evidence of its uses. The Patent-Office at Washington, like your Magazine, Mr. EDITOR, may exhibit 'finished productions,' of 'inventive genius;' but if you could look into the port-folios of your contributors in every quarter of the Union, and see there the sketches of half-finished essays, still-born poems, links and fragments of ideas and conceptions, which 'but breathed and died,' you might form some 'notion' of the accumulation of 'notions' that were presented to me, on entering the work-shop of JABEZ DOOLITTLE. But to my text again, 'The First Locomotive.' There it stood, occupying the centre of all previous conceptions, rat-traps, churns, apple-parers, pill-rollers, cooking-stoves, and shingle-splitters, which hung or stood around it; or as my Lord BYRON says, with reference to a more ancient but not more important invention:

'WHERE each conception was a heavenly guest,  
A ray of immortality, and stood  
Star-like around, until they gathered to a God.'

And there it stood, 'the concentrated focus' of all previous rays of inventive genius, 'THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.'

'An unpainted, unpolished, unadorned, oven-shaped mass, of double-riveted sheet-iron, with cranks, and pipes, and trunnel-heads, and screws, and valves, all firmly braced on four strongly-made travelling wheels.

'It's a curious crittur to look at,' says JABEZ, 'but you'll like it better when you see it in motion.'

'He was by this time igniting a quantity of charcoal, which he had stuffed under the boiler. 'I filled the b'iler,' says he, 'arter I stopped working her yesterday, and it ha' n't leaked a drop since. It will soon bile up; the coal is first-rate.'

'Sure enough, the boiler soon gave evidence of 'troubled waters,' when, by pushing one slide, and pulling another, the whole machine, cranks and piston, was in motion.

'It works slick, do n't it?' said JABEZ.

'But,' I replied, 'it do n't move.'

'You mean,' said he, 'the travelling-wheels do n't move; well, I do n't mean they shall, till I get my patent. You see,' he added, crouching down, 'that trunnel-head there—that small cog-wheel? Well, that's out of gear just yet; when I turn *that* into gear, by this crank, it fits, you see, on the main travelling-wheel, and then the hull scrape will move, as nigh as I can calculate, a leetle slower than chain lightnin', and a darn'd leetle too! But it won't do to give it a try, afore I get the patent. There is only one thing yet,' he continued, 'that I ha' n't contrived—but that is a simple matter—and that is the shortest mode of stoppin' on her. My first notion is to see how fast I can make her work without smashing all to bits, and that's done by screwing down this upper valve; and I'll show you —'

'And with that he clambered up on the top, with a turning-screw in one hand and a horn of soap-fat in the other, and commenced screwing down the valves and oiling the piston-rod and crank-joints; and the motion of the mysterious mass increased, until all seemed a BUZ.

'It is nigh about perfection, an't it?' says he.

'I stood amazed in contemplating the object before me, which I confess I could not fully understand; and hence, with the greater readiness permitted my mind to bear off to other matters more comprehensible; to the future, which is always more clear than the present, under similar circumstances. I heeded not, for the very best reason in the world, because I understood not, the complicated description that JABEZ was giving of his still more complicated invention. All I knew was, that here was a machine on four good, sturdy, well-braced wheels, and it only required a recorded patent to authorize that small connecting cog-wheel or trunnel-head to be thrown 'into gear,' when it would move off, without oats, hay, or horse-shoes, and distance the mail-coaches. As I was surrounded with notions, it was not extraordinary that *one* should take full possession of me. It dawned upon me when I saw the machine first put into motion, and was now full orb'd above the horizon of my desire; it was to see the first locomotive move off. The temptation was irresistible. 'And who knows,' thought I, 'but some prying scamp may have been 'peeping through the key-hole,' while JABEZ was at work, and, catching the idea, may be now at work at some clumsy imitation?—and if he does not succeed in turning the first trick, may at least divide the honors with my friend?'

'JABEZ,' said I, elevating my voice above the buzzing noise of the machine, 'there is only one thing wanting.'

'What is that?' says he, eagerly.

'Immortality,' says I; 'and you shall have it, patent or no patent!' And with that I pulled the crank that twisted the connecting trunnel-head into the travelling-wheels,

and in an instant away went the machine, with JABEZ on top of it, with the whiz and rapidity of a flushed partridge. The side of the old building presented the resistance of wet paper. One crash, and the 'first locomotive' was ushered into this breathing world. I hurried to the opening, and had just time to clamber to the top of a fence to catch the last glimpse of my fast-departing friend. True to his purpose, I saw him alternately screwing down the valves and oiling the piston-rod and crank-joints; evidently determined that, although he had started off a little unexpectedly, he would redeem the pledge he had given, which was, that when it *did* go, it 'would go a leetle slower than a streak of chain-lightnin', and a darn'd leetle too!'

'LIKE a cloud in the dim distance fleeting,  
Like an arrow,' he flew away!

'But a moment and he was *here*; in a moment he was *there*; and now *where* is he? or rather, where is he not? But that, for the present, is 'neither here nor there.'

'The vile Moslem ridiculed the belief, so religiously cherished by the Christian Don, that in all the bloody conflicts that laid the crescent low in the dust, Saint Iago, on a white horse, led on to battle and secured triumph to the cross; but as this has now become matter of history, confirmed by the fact that on numerous occasions this identical 'warrior-saint' was distinctly seen 'pounding the Moors,' successfully and simultaneously in battle scenes remote from each other, thus proving his identity by saintly ubiquity; so may we safely indulge the belief that the spirit, if not the actual body and bones, of JABEZ DOOLITTLE stands perched on every locomotive that may now be seen in every direction, threading its way at the rate of thirty miles an hour, to the total annihilation of space and time. The incredulous, like the Moors of old, may indulge their unbelief; but for myself, I never see a locomotive in full action that I do not also see JABEZ there, directing its course, as plainly as I see the immortal FULTON in every steam-boat, or the equally immortal CLINTON in every canal-boat.'

No mystery can hereafter exist in regard to the origin of the locomotive branch of the great steam-family: the present fragment of authentic history will enable the latest posterity to trace, by 'back-track' and 'turn-out,' through a long rail-road line of illustrious ancestors, the first projector and contriver of '*The First Locomotive*,' their immortal progenitor, 'JABEZ DOOLITTLE, Esq., nigh Wallingford, Connecticut.' Mr. IRVING, in his playful way, after the publication of this capital sketch, some twenty-two years ago, said in a note to the EDITOR inclosing the following characteristic letter: 'It would seem, by letters from various parts of the country, that JABEZ DOOLITTLE has the gift of ubiquity; for he has been seen about the same time in a dozen different places, and a dozen different manners, but always under full speed; a kind of Flying Dutchman on land. *Hic et ubique* should be his motto. You can add the following to these letters, (which is as true as any one of them,) as it may tend to set the Far West at ease on a matter that seems to have caused some consternation:'

'TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

'SIR: In your last number, I read with great interest an article entitled '*The First Locomotive*.' It throws light upon an incident which has long been a theme of marvel in the Far West. You must know that I was one among the first band of trappers that crossed the Rocky Mountains. We had encamped one night on a ridge of the Black Hill, and were wrapped up in our blankets, in the midst of our first sleep, when we were roused by the man who stood sentinel, who cried out, 'Wild fire, by —!' We started on our feet, and beheld a streak of fire coming across the prairies, for all



the world like lightning, or a shooting star. We had hardly time to guess what it might be, when it came up, whizzing and clanking and making a tremendous racket, and we saw something huge and black, with wheels and traps of all kinds; and an odd-looking being on top of it, busy as they say the devil is, in a gale of wind. In fact, some of our people thought it was the Old Gentleman himself, taking an airing in one of his infernal carriages; others thought it was the opening of one of the seals in the Revelation. Some of the stoutest fellows fell on their knees and began to pray; a Kentuckian plucked up courage enough to hail the infernal coachman as he passed and ask whither he was driving; but the speed with which he whirled by and the rattling of his machine, prevented our catching more than the last words: 'Slam bang to eternal smash!' In five minutes more he was across the prairies, beyond the Black Hill, and we saw him shooting, like a jack-a-lantern, over the Rocky Mountains.

'The next day we tracked his course. He had cut through a great drove of buffalo, some hundred or two of which lay cut up as though the butchers had been there; we heard of him afterward, driving through a village of Black Feet, and smashing the lodge of the chief, with all his family. Beyond the Rocky Mountains we could hear nothing more of him; so that we concluded he had ended his brimstone career by driving into one of the craters that still smoke among the peaks.

'This circumstance, Sir, as I said, has caused much speculation in the Far West; but many set it down as a 'trapper's story,' which is about equivalent to a traveller's tale; neither would the author of 'Astoria' and 'Bonneville's Adventures' admit it into his works, though HEAVEN knows he has not been over-squeamish in such things. The article in your last number, above alluded to, has now cleared up the matter, and henceforth I shall tell the story without fear of being hooted at. I make no doubt, Sir, this supposed infernal apparition was nothing more nor less than JABEZ DOOLITTLE, with his locomotive, on his way to Astoria:

'Who knows, who knows what wastes  
He is now careering o'er?'

as the song goes; perhaps scouring California; perhaps whizzing away to the North Pole. One thing is certain and satisfactory: he is the first person that ever crossed the Rocky Mountains on wheels: his transit shows that those mountains are traversable with carriages, and that it is *perfectly easy to have a rail-road to the Pacific*. If such road should ever be constructed, I hope, in honor of the great projector who led the way, it may be called *The 'Doolittle Rail-road';* unless that name should have been given as characteristic to some of the many rail-roads already in operation or progress.'

'HIRAM CRACKENTHORPE, of Saint Louis,' was the *nom-de-plume* of the writer of this veracious record: which was the 'last,' until now revived, of the FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.

WE cannot close this reference to 'The First Locomotive,' which so much delighted WASHINGTON IRVING, and will give pleasure to so many of our new readers, without lamenting that those who *can* write so attractively as its author should not write more. Another thing is worthy of remark here: and that is, that not a few among the very first of the writers for the KNICKERBOCKER have been active merchants, bankers, lawyers, or other practical business-men, who jotted down, under the *true impulse*, what they had felt or what they had seen. And that's the way to *do* it.



Gossip with Readers and Correspondents.—More '*Whiffs*' from that genial western '*Meerschbaum*,' and as welcome as ever. The writer says: 'A friend of mine, a tobacconist, has a German partner rejoicing in the name of KNOLLENBERG, somewhat similar to the name used in the '*Whiffs*.' He called me in one day, and telling me that he had had more than five dollars' worth of fun out of that piece, (devilgating KNOLLENBERG about that pipe,) presented me a very handsome Meerschbaum. It was entirely a surprise to me, and of course I was much elated. I am at this moment enjoying a few whiffs from it, and expect so to do, as long as '*WILLIAM BOWLEGS*' is a staple in the market:'

'I BELIEVE that no respectable calling is more sneered at than school-teaching, especially in the rural districts, in what are called '*Brush Colleges*.' The country pedagogue does more and gets less credit for it, than any other man, from the President of the United States down to the post-boy in a basement beer-saloon. The professions and the trades alike laugh at him, and he is the butt of all the bucolic witticisms that emanate from the shallow brains of coarse-grained rustics. He is painted as an ugly, gaunt, ungainly creature, always being made a fool of by some dashing widow, or making love to some antique, man-forsaken damsel, with an eye to her property. Truly his is a thankless task: but there is a compensation for the bad taste and worse manners of unthinking, unappreciative man. There is a pleasure, unknown to those who affect to despise him, in watching the youthful mind, gradually expanding and unfolding; reaching out into fresh fields of thought, and plucking and garnering up bright, perennial flowers.

'And when the evening of life draws nigh, and he sees around him those who, under his fostering care, have grown up to true and noble manhood and womanhood, he may exclaim more justly than the mother of the GRACCHI: '*These are my jewels!*' They are jewels that form a fadeless crown for his wrinkled and care-worn brow. And as the end approaches, it brings no regret for the past — no fear for the future. Calmly he lays down his life, and goes to his rest,

'LIKE one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.'

'Well: a few years pass, and school-days are coming to an end. The last performance is to be an exhibition, and a grand affair is expected. Our parents, brothers and sisters are to be there, and we look forward to the day with joyful anticipation.

'What great preparation we make! — taking attitudes and making grimaces before the glass; rehearsing our pieces, out behind the wood-shed, and up on the hay-loft; vainly attempting to catch the intonation and superb gestures of the large boy who has been to the city, and says that is the way they do at the theatre: putting on our new trousers, dislocating our vertebrae in trying to get a rear view of them, and only succeeding in making out an indistinct, baggy outline. At last the long-looked-for evening comes, and the little country church is brilliantly illuminated with tallow candles, and gorgeously decorated with sprigs of asparagus. The scholars, highly polished by much washing, and redolent of dubiously-flavored soap, are seated on the platform, and the performance begins. It consists of declamations from WEBSTER, BURKE, SPARTACUS, RIENZI, and other eminent men; with essays on '*The Seasons*,' (taken individually and collectively,) on '*NAPOLEON*,' on '*The Revolution*,' on '*Our Country*,' etc., interspersed with moral dialogues and choral singing.

'It passes off pleasantly enough, although some of the boys find themselves victims of misplaced confidence in trusting to their memories: and in their embarrassment make all sorts of irrelevant gestures, and shuffle about in a most disconsolate manner.

One, in speaking of the Past and the Future, forgets what gestures to make, and keeps his arm oscillating while he tries to recall it: in studying this up, he forgets what to say next, and retires, blushing with mortification. Don't laugh at him, boys: this very incident may rouse his spirit; and you at your rustic fire-sides may yet read his eloquent speeches in Congress.

'Between the parts, an officious gentleman, in attempting to snuff one of the candles with his fingers, pulls it out of the tin sconce, and drops it into the lap of an old lady in bombazine; whereat the old lady is incensed, and the gentleman apologizes: the scholars began to titter; and the teacher turns around and frowns terribly, incontinently squelching a small boy who is rising up to obtain a better view of the proceedings.

'The young ladies' essays embrace every topic, from 'Dress' up to 'Patriotism,' and abound in euphuistic aphorisms, generally misquoted, and diminutives in *let*. In describing a sail upon the lake, the 'gently gliding boatlet' is alluded to, whereupon a crusty old cus—tomer, who is a deacon in the church, and a practical man, suggests to his neighbor that *skifflet* would do just as well.

'The large boy from the city gives us MARK ANTONY'S oration over CÆSAR'S body, in what we suppose is the most approved theatrical style. He astonishes and captivates the scholars, especially the weaker vessels, to whom his anointed locks, city-made clothes, and 'miwaculous tie,' are irresistible: but he by no means pleases the older portion of the audience. His antics are likened to those of a wet hen, a short-tailed b—ovine in fly-time, and other ludicrous objects, familiar to rustic eyes. Unfortunately his vehement efforts disturb the slumbers of one or two infants, whose cries do not at all enhance the tragic effect, but are much too violent for the occasion; being quite audible, though smothered under shawls and partially jolted down by a vigorous trotting on maternal knees.

'And now the last piece is spoken, the doxology is sung, the wheezy old sexton coughs out the candles and locks the door, and school-days are over.'

Very 'Flemish,' that picture! - - - If we were a young lady — but we are *not*, of course, 'so there's no use talking' — 'same time,' s'posing we *were* a young lady, we should tingle all over with emotion, and our self-love would burn in blushes to the very roots of our 'back-hair,' to have such beautiful verses as the following fervently addressed to *us*. They reach our table unheaded and anonymously: but by the fair 'hand-of-write' we do opine them to be from the pen of MACE THE SLOPER:

'THERE are some eyes like mountain lakes  
Reflecting heaven's blue;  
And some like black volcano gulfs,  
With wild-fire flashing through.

'But thine are like the eternal skies  
Which draw the soul afar:  
Thy every glance a meteor,  
And every thought a star.

'I've rifled lips like cherries sweet,  
(Light sin to him who stole,)  
But thine are like the Eden fruit  
Whose theft may cost a soul.

'O coral fruit of Paradise!  
Who would not grasp the prize,  
With heaven so near to win him back  
In those eternal eyes?'

Whoever can say truly, 'That means *me*!' is a maiden to be envied: envi-

ous girls will say, 'Too good to be true!' - - - THERE was a capital article not long ago in the '*Cornhill Magazine*,' showing up the tawdry finery, the high-sounding phrases, which in the pages of certain modern writers befog and bemuddle our good old English tongue with excess of ornament. Many illustrative examples are given of the manner in which a simple idea may be overlaid with a redundancy of words. But this literary *Euphuism* was never more felicitously travestied than by our twin-associate in the KNICKERBOCKER, five-and-twenty years ago. He had incidentally refined upon the term 'going the whole hog,' in an editorial article in the '*Philadelphia Daily Gazette*,' which he conducted for so many years, where it was softened to 'proceeding the entire swine.' This polite phrase 'bit,' and was so frequently quoted, that OLLAPOD, in our 'Editor's Table,' continued the lingual satire, when several of our contemporaries caught the polishing mania, until the clothing of common thoughts in holiday-suits, and the setting of some dwarf of a phrase upon the stilts of embellishment, became almost universal. Here are a few 'proverbial' examples, after the manner of that terrible literary and personal bore, TUPPER, whom the writer in the '*Cornhill*' 'scores' as he deserves to be scored. Observe the elaborate 'trimmings' of this dish of simple 'saws':

'ORIGINAL: *Go to the Devil and shake yourself.*

'IMPROVED: Proceed to the Arch-enemy of Man, and agitate your person.

'OR. *Of one who squints. He looks two ways for Sunday.*

'IMP. One who, by reason of the adverse disposition of his optics — a natal defect — is forced to scrutinize in duple directions for the Christian Sabbath.

'OR. *Do n't count your chickens before they are hatched.*

'IMP. Enumerate not your adolescent pullets, ere they cease to be oviform.

'OR. *Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.*

'IMP. The culinary adornments which suffice for the female of the race *Anser*, may be relished also with the masculine adult of the same species.

'OR. *Let well enough alone.*

'IMP. Suffer a healthy sufficiency to remain in solitude.

'OR. *None so deaf as them that won't hear.*

'IMP. No persons are obtuse in their auricular apprehension equal to those who repudiate vocal incomes by adverse inclination.

'OR. *Put a beggar on horse-back, and he will ride to the devil.*

'IMP. Establish a mendicant on the uppermost section of a charger, and he will transport himself to APOLLYON.

'OR. *Accidents will happen in the best families.*

'IMP. Disasters will eventuate even in households of the supremest integrity.

'OR. *A still sow drinks the most swill.*

'IMP. The taciturn female of the porcine genus imbibes the largest nutriment.

'OR. *The least said the soonest mended.*

'IMP. The minimum of an offensive remark is cobbled with the readiest promptitude.

'OR. *'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good.*

'IMP. That gale is truly diseased which puffeth benefactions to nonentity.

'OR. *A stitch in time saves nine.*

'IMP. The 'first impression' of a needle upon a rent, obviate a nine-fold introduction!

'OR. *A nod's as good as a wink to a horse that is n't blind.*

'IMP. An abrupt inclination of the head is equivalent to a contraction of the eye to a steed untroubled with obliquity of vision.

'OR. *'Tis a wise child that knows its own father.*

'IMP. That juvenile individual is indeed sage, who possesses authentic information with respect to the identity of his paternal derivative.

'OR. *There's no accounting for taste.*

'IMP. The propensities of the palate defy jurisdiction.

'OR. *Two and two make four.*

'IMP. (As per SAM. J.) The number four is a certain aggregate of units; and all numbers being the repetition of an unit — which, though not a number in itself, is the parent, root or original of all numbers — *four* is the denomination assigned to a certain number of such repetitions.

'OR. *Three removes are as bad as a fire.*

'IMP. The triple transmission of a household, with chattels, from one domicile to another, is as vicious as a conflagration.'

All this, of course, is burlesque: but not so with the proposed version of the English BIBLE, wherein such changes as the following were suggested: 'The LORD is my Shepherd: I shall not want. He leadeth me through green pastures, and by the side of the still waters,' etc.: which was to be changed to: 'DEITY is my pastor: I shall not be indigent: He conducteth me through verdant parterres, and causeth me to recumb by the borders of the unrippled liquidities.' 'Recubansing under the shade of a Subtegmine-fagi-Tree,' (a rendering dictated to a bothered fellow-student by OLLAPOD, 'once upon a time,') was quite as near the 'original' as this 'improved' version of one of the most beautiful of all the Psalms of DAVID. - - - 'L. P.'s long story is declined. Just about one-fourth of it is bad French, badly interpolated. We abominate such affectation. Is not our noble English tongue good enough, and expressive enough, for our correspondent? It would be unjust to three-fourths of our readers to 'talk to them in an unknown tongue.' Whenever a correspondent adopts a foreign expression or sentence, if it be not well known, he should render it in English, also. ADAM CLARKE and CUDWORTH did not consider it beneath *them* to translate every Latin and Greek word or sentence which they employed; the explications of the latter, especially, were pronounced by Bishop WARBURTON to be wonderfully exact. - - - WE give below the remainder of the '*Batch of Epitaphs*' which were omitted from a late number: prefacing them with three or four others which reach us from '*The Parsonage*' at W —, in our State:

'I HAVE been much interested in your recent 'Epitaphs,' and subjoin one or two that may be new to you:

'IN memory of JOHN SAXE,  
Maker of sassengers,  
Killed with twelve other  
Outside passengers.'

'But that is tame to this specimen:

'HERE lies the body of MARY GWYNNE,  
Who was so very pure within,  
She burst the outward shell of sin  
And hatched herself a cherubim.'

'In a serious view, few efforts surpass CUMBERLAND's epitaph on PITT:

'THOUGH vast the range of thine expansive soul,  
Thy God and country occupied the whole:  
In that dread hour when every heart is tried,  
The Christian triumphed while the mortal died:

In the last gasp of thine expiring breath,  
The prayer yet quivered on the lip of death:  
Hear this, ye Britons, and to God be true;  
For know, that dying prayer was breathed for you.'

'Far away from the locality of this last epitaph is a column erected to a MOTHER:

S A C R E D

To the Memory of

A L I C E B E N S O N M A N N ,

W i f e o f W I L L I A M M A N N ,

Born January 4, A.D. 1787.

Died December 15, A.D. 1848.

H E R C H I L D R E N ,

To whose welfare her life was devoted,

have placed this stone above the spot

Where her body reposes;

T O T E S T I F Y

their lasting remembrance of that perfection of love,

and constant care which on earth

dwells only in the bosom of

A M o t h e r .

'I have changed no names: there are no reasons why I should. Few of the great ones of the earth sleep beneath a more beautiful inscription.

'There is yet one other touching inscription which I found over a 'MOTHER's grave: it is too good to 'willingly let die.' It is in a ground which few ever visit. A network of iron covers the whole grave, and this is overgrown with myrtle:

FROM EARTH TO HEAVEN SHE POINTS THE WAY:

E S T H E R ,

W I F E O F M I C H A E L H A R T ,

of Easton, daughter of

J A C O B R A P H A E L and R E B E C C A C O H E N :

O u r M o t h e r .

The winter of Eighty Years did not despoil thee of Loveliness:

Purity of Feeling, Piety toward God, Benevolence to thy Fellow-

Beings, gave to each lineament its characteristic: the myrtle

that entwines thy earthly resting-place retains its fresh-

ness amid Frost and Snow: the Affections which

warmed thy Heart withered not at the touch of

Age: Thine own words were: 'I retain

the same Love in my Heart, but I

have not strength to express it.'

O u r M o t h e r .

In the presence of God, the God of

ISRAEL, may thy soul have

peace Now and Ever-

more! Amen!

## M e n t.

Wife of ROBERT WALKER: Died July 24, 1853. Aged 52 years.

Here lies the true, affectionate, loving and beloved wife of ROBERT WALKER.

'This is beautiful. No ridiculous or inappropriate poetry; no useless flattery. This brings to my mind something upon a stone near where I learned my first lessons. I committed it to memory when a boy: I quote it from memory now. The record of names I forget: but after the record are these sentences:

If Eternal Happiness be the Reward of Tender Love,  
Unobtrusive Piety, and the Kindliest Charity:  
Blessed is the Spirit which once  
animated the lovely tenant of  
this Sepulchre.

'This is 'not so bad:' but what a place for punning is a tomb-stone! The epitaph is authentic:

'HERE lies THOMAS HUDDLESTONE. Reader do n't smile!  
But reflect, as this tomb-stone you view,  
That death, who killed him, in a very short while  
Will *huddle* a stone upon you!'

This was *copied* from the tomb-stone. - - - It will be something which our readers will not understand, unless we tell them, that in this number they will find themselves regaled with 'intellectual fruits' from 'manie different yles and contrees:' and here notably 'comes us up' the versatile 'H. P. L.,' right out of the East, with one of those half-fanciful, half-satirical sketches, which find more than 'once-readers.' Hearken then to '*The Story of Herr Müller and the Fair Zobeide*,' from the 'Egyptian Night's Entertainment:'

'THERE lived in the city of CAIRO, in the reign of ABBAS PASHA, a worthy keeper of a caravanseraï named ABOU DATELBAUM. At his house many travellers from Frangistan were accustomed to assemble and there partake of refreshments, particularly of a drink more intoxicating than wine of Shiraz, and which is known among Franks as rum-punch. Now this caravanseraï being in the Frank quarter, in the way known as the Muskih, half-way between the Turkish bazaar and the Esbekeeyah garden, it usually chanced that many Frank travellers tarried there to refresh and amuse themselves; hearing the latest news from their native land; playing dominoes, and driving sharp bargains with one another, for the merchants among these strangers have no faith save in piastres, and in the proverb: 'Gain upon dirt rather than loss upon musk.'

'Among the Howagi who came there of nights was a comely young man named Tajir MULLER, which is to say, MULLER the merchant; and as it chanced that he had been but a short time in the city and had but lately arrived in Egypt, he was exceedingly curious as to the ways of life and customs of the true believers, the followers of MOHAMMED. Having carefully reflected over those words of wisdom — he who makes chaff of himself the cows will eat, he was excessively reserved, and was consequently never chaffed by his brother Franks. One evening, however, it fell out that he indulged in more rum-punch than usual and made chaff of himself, as may be seen by reading the following veracious tale.

'Among the other Franks who were there that night at ABOU DATELBAUM'S was a Greek, who, heeding well the proverb, 'Eat whatever thou likest, but dress as others do,' had arrayed himself in full Cairene costume; with a fez on his head of true purple color, and with a tassel, weighing many ounces of fine black silk, pendent therefrom. In his full trowsers were countless yards of fine cloth, and the embroidery on his

clothes was magnificent to look at ; the Cashmere around his waist cost thousands of piastres ; but, like all Greeks, he was high-minded and empty-bellied, so he frequented the caravanseraï seeking what he might devour. In knocking at many houses, he had learned the words, 'Come in,' in many tongues, and when he knocked at Tajir MULLER's he noticed that though the invitation was courteous, it was guarded ; so MILITIADES PANAJOTTI, for such was his name, proposed a game of dominoes with his intended prey and played for punches. He lost three times in succession, paying each time like an Arab, faithfully. Little by little MULLER the merchant turned his discourse to the domestic affairs of the Cairenes ; and PANAJOTTI the Greek willingly invented the fairest tales about harems, houris, eunuchs, rose-colored tobs, fingans of coffee, fountains, gazelle eyes ; that ugly women in harems were rarer than fly-brains, and that peace and joy, attar of roses and musk, felicity, pipes and repose awaited the faithful in the bosoms of their families.

'Aio, Allah !' continued the Greek, 'it is not true that the husband of two parrots is like a neck between two sticks ; here have I three wives, all of them parrots, but nothing of the stick about them, for although I may occasionally have to give them a little, they never yet have shaken a stick at me.'

'Now, to say that Tajir MULLER was delighted to have formed the acquaintance of a true Cairene, living like a Mohammedan, hardly expresses the joy he felt. From the depths of his moral conscientiousness, he evolved the idea of seeing the interior of a harem, and returning to Frangistan a living monument of a man who knew the East to the bottom. To attain the summit of his desires, he determined to make the Greek reeling drunk on punches and then see him home — not only inside the door safely, but even carefully placed in the hands of his three wives. 'To think,' said he, 'that this man, with a tarboosh on his head and a cashmere round his waist, lives with a houri. Ah ! yes. A rose fell to the lot of a monkey.'

'Now, the Greek easily discovered Tajir MULLER's determination, and being accustomed to strong liquors, and very anxious to put piastres in his purse, drank punch after punch, until he saw that the Tajir was nearly tipsy, when rising up he insisted on his accompanying him to his harem, where they would smoke a chibouk, and take a fingan of coffee to settle all the strong drink. The Tajir consented, and leaving the caravanseraï, they managed to light a *phanous*, and struggling out into the dark, worked their way down one street and up another, directed by the light of their lantern, until at last they reached a house, the door of which was so low that they had to stoop to enter ; after one or two turns they came into a court-yard, where there was a fountain playing away among orange-trees. Here the Greek begged the Tajir to rest himself on a bench until he summoned his *sais* to bring coffee and pipes.

'Tajir MULLER sitting under the orange-trees and star-light ; his senses lulled soothingly to rest by the sound of falling water from the fountain, and the fragrance of roses and musk somewhere around him, was in that delightful state of mind known to the Turks as *Kheuf*, and in which state they can see a Jew without wanting to kill him, or a Frank without grunting *bosh* at him. The punches certainly helped him to this dreamy mood, and he was just at that point where poetry begins and prose finishes, when he felt a pair of soft arms thrown around his neck, a descending veil of muslin fall around him, saw a pair of large *kohl* black eyes over his shoulder, and felt a very warm kiss on his smooth cheek.

'At this moment Tajir MULLER bitterly regretted that he could not talk Arabic. He believed at first that the fair being had mistaken him for the Cairene, in whose house he was, and that he owed to an error of hers his, to say the least of it, very warm reception. But when rising up from the seat he faced the muslin, he remembered that



even in star-light one of the faithful would know the difference between an old hat and the graceful tarboosh with heavy tassel, and would not fall on it in such unseemly haste. Lost in reflection, he pointed to himself and said, 'Tajir MULLER,' whereupon the damsel, pointing to herself, said: 'ZOBELDE.' It was a clear case of an inhabitant of a harem who stood before him. 'Oh! for words to express my love,' reflected the Tajir. 'Oh! to ask her to fly to the desert, love, with me, per rail-road to Suez, through in four hours! I wonder where the man in petticoats is who brought me here?'—at which point he spoke out from the profundity of an over-burdened heart, several things at random, in a language the like whereof no man could find, since it was mixed up as the lingua franca of Frank sailors, interspersed with a strong Berlinesse accent, and many Italo-Arabic words picked up from donkey-boys. 'Non volete borrico s'nore rigluk, schmalak effendi, tal henna, la la, ma feesh, gotoell, howaga, damnas donkay sare, Aio!'

'We regret to say Tajir MULLER was inebriated, very much so; he seized the hand of the fair ZOBELDE and reiterated his request to fly to the desert. She grasped it as if inspired by the idea, rushed with him to the door, pushed him out in the cold, slammed it in his face; and Tajir found himself alone outside staring at several doors, uncertain from which one he had been ejected like a peri from paradise. One thing ran through his head. As he was launched from the door like a cannon-ball, he could swear he heard the fair ZOBELDE laughing cry out, 'Au plaisir de vous revoir, Monsieur MULLER!'

'The suddenness of his exit had the effect of slightly sobering our Tajir, and when a *cavass* came along and took him in charge, he was able when he reached the police-office to repeat again and again the name of his hotel, upon which he was conveyed there; and after a long night's rest, recovered sufficiently in the morning to find on dressing himself that his pockets had been picked the night before of a large purse filled with paras, the entire value of which did not amount to a florin; and that thanks to his caution, his porte-monnaie and papers being in an inside pocket, had not been touched.

'By very careful and artful investigation, Tajir MULLER discovered that he had been in the Copt Quarter, and had probably been introduced to a not very private mansion, whose denizens more than possibly included some female representative of the Grande Nation on her travels.

'It is needless to add that Tajir MULLER, satisfied with the domestic arrangements of the Egyptians, made no further attempts to study them in person; and although in Berlin he may now Orientalize it a little about his adventures in the Morning Land, harems and the fair ZOBELDE are always excepted!'

We rather think 'these things were so!' - - - WHAT a never ending, still-beginning theme of criticism and commentary has been the immortal bard of the Globe Theatre! The mere names of his expounders and interpreters would fill a volume. There were not lacking critics in his own time, who thought SHAKSPEARE rather 'smal beere.' Thus RYMER, one of his cotemporaries, in '*A Shorte View of Tragedie, with Sundry Reflexions on Wil. Shakspeare, and other Practitioners for ye Stage*,' says he 'profaned the name of tragedie, and instead of representing men and manners, turned all moralitie, good sense, and humanitie into mockerie and derizione. In tragedie he appears quite out of his elemente; his brains are turned; he raves and rambles without any coherency, any spark of reason, or any rule to controul himme, to set bound to his phrenzie.' In short, he made the sweet swan of Avon cackle like a goose: yet his memory and his writings seem to have survived Mr. RYMER's criticisms: albeit it must be admitted that in the multitude of admiring commentators of the past centuries, writers who 'view in SHAKSPEARE more than SHAKSPEARE knew,'

there are judgments upon the other side quite as ridiculous as this : apropos to to which please perpend this satirical burlesque criticism which ensues, upon a passage in *MACBETH*. It bears all the 'ear-marks' of '*JOHN PHOENIX*,' to whom it has been attributed :

'THrice the brinded cat hath mewed —  
Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.'

'I never was more puzzled in my life than in deciding upon the 'right reading' of this passage :

'THrice the brinded cat hath mewed —  
Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.'

'It is an important inquiry. Did the hedge-pig whine 'once,' or 'thrice and once?' Without stopping to inquire whether hedge-pigs exist in Scotland — that is, pigs with quills on their backs — the great question occurs, *how many times did he whine?* It appears the cat mewed three times. Now would not a virtuous emulation induce the hedge-pig to endeavor to get the last word in the controversy? — and how was this to be obtained, save by whining 'thrice *and* once!' The most learned commentators upon SHAKESPEARE has given the passage thus :

'THrice the brinded cat hath mewed —  
Thrice: and once the hedge-pig whined.'

Thereby awarding the palm to the brinded cat. The fact is, they probably entertained reasonable doubts whether the hedge-pig was a native of Scotland, and a sense of national pride induced them to lean on the side of the productions of their country. The juvenility of the pig is a consideration in favor of his whining ; whereas the cat, having attained its matured state, cannot be supposed to give utterance to its feelings on slight occasions.

'I think a heedful examination of these two lines will satisfy the unbiased examiner that the hedge-pig *whined at least four times* : nevertheless, a reasonable doubt must be acknowledged to exist on the subject, and we feel constrained to say that we leave the question just where we find it, viz., in doubt.'

Our critic then proceeds to discuss the ensuing colloquial couplet :

'*Apparition* : *MACBETH, MACBETH, MACBETH!*  
*Macbeth* : Had I *three* ears, I'd hear thee !'

'Why,' he inquires, 'does *MACBETH* want three ears? Why could he not have made out with two — the usual assortment? No : he must suppose an ear for each ejaculation. Had not an original misprint marred the text, *MACBETH* would have said :

'Had I three *years*, I'd hear thee :'

because *MACBETH* had a great deal of business on his hands, and could not attend to the gabble of apparitions in a shorter time!' By-the-bye, speaking of '*JOHN PHOENIX*:' that was a characteristic exploit of his in Boston, when he 'was East,' three or four years ago. Sauntering up Washington-street one morning, he noticed the sign of '*CALL AND TUTTLE*.' He walked in, and with the most perfect *nonchalance*, said to the polite head-clerk, '*I want to tuttle!*' 'He's not *in*, Sir,' blandly responded the clerk. 'It do n't make any difference,' said 'SQUIBOB,' 'unless there's too many ahead of me : I'll call ag'in : I should like to *try* it : I never 'tuttled' in my life ; that is, not as I *know* of : and when I saw the notice 'Call and tuttle,' I thought I would see what it was like!' The clerk explained that '*CALL AND TUTTLE*' was the name of 'our' mercan-

tile firm: that Mr. CALL was in, if he wished to see *him*; but that TUTTLE had 'gone down to State-street.' 'Never mind,' said JOHN, without moving a muscle: 'it's *my* fault: I've made a mistake, I see: good morning.' But he *hadn't* 'made a mistake' though! Poor PHŒNIX!—after being deprived of *available* sight, for many months, his 'inner light' suddenly grew dark: and he is now under the care of those who 'minister to a mind diseased, pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, and raze out the written troubles of the brain.' - - - The following receipt for '*Un Rôti sans pareil*,' is taken from the celebrated '*Almanach des Gourmands*,' written by the greatest epicure of any age, GRIMOD DE LA REYNIERE. Hear him:

'STUFF a fine large *olive* with *capers* and *filets d'anchois*, and—

'Place it inside a delicate *Bec-Figue*, (a small bird,) from which you cut the head and feet, and—

'Inclose it in the body of a fine plumb *ortolan*, which you truss neatly, and—

'Insert in the body of a fat *mauviette*, (a lark,) from which you cut not only the head and feet, but also dissect the principal bones; then cover it with a thin slice of lard, and—

'Put it into the body of a *grive*, (thrush,) which you must also dissect and prepare in the same manner, and—

'Stuff inside a fat and juicy *caille*, (quail,) a wild one in preference to a tame one;

'Then inclose your *caille*, which you should cover with a vine-leaf, as a coat-of-arms to show its nobility, in the body of a *vanneau*, (lapwing,) which is boned and trussed to enable it to be

'Inserted into the body of a *pluvier doré* (golden plover,) which in its turn is covered with lard, and—

'Inclosed in a young *woodcock*, as tender and as plump as Mademoiselle VOLNAIS, (a celebrated actress of those days,) and quite as well kept. Having first rolled it in grated bread-crumbs, you then

'Place it in the body of a *teal*, which is neatly trussed and prepared, and then

'Put it into a *guinea-hen*, which you secrete in the body of a young

'*Wild-duck*. Inclose your duck inside a *chicken*, which should be as white as Madame BELMONT, as plump as Mademoiselle de VIENNE, and as fat as Mademoiselle CONTAT, but not quite so large. (These ladies are celebrated actresses and danseuses.)

'Your chicken with its many amiable qualities should then be concealed inside of a young *pheasant*, chosen with care, and preserved until it has obtained the requisite degree of *haut gout*, without which it is not fit to be placed before a 'gourmand;' you then

'Place it in the body of a young tender and fat *goose*, wild of course, which is hidden from vulgar gaze by being placed in the body of a very fine *hen turkey*, which should be as white and as plump as Mdlle. ARSENE:

'And last of all, entomb your turkey in the body of an *Outarde*, (a species of wild turkey or goose,) and fill the interstices with Lucca Chestnuts, force-meat, and a savory stuffing.

'Having thus prepared your roast, put it into a pot sufficiently large, with onions *piqués* with cloves, carrots, chopped ham, celery, a bouquet of thyme and parsley, mignonette, several slices of fat pork well salted. Pepper, salt, fine spices, coriander, and one or two sprigs of garlic. Then seal this pot hermetically with a strip of paste or clay, and place it on a slow fire, where the heat will penetrate it gradually, and let it remain twenty-four hours. Then uncover it; 'degraissez' it, if necessary, and serve on a hot plate.

'It is easy to imagine that the juices of so many different fowls amalgamated thoroughly by this slow process of cooking, and their different principles becoming so identified each with the other by this close connection, would give to this unequalled dish a most wonderful flavor, in which you have combined the quintessence of the plain, the forest, the marsh, and the barn-yard.'

Truly 'a dish for a king!' - - - 'THE wind bloweth where it listeth, and ye hear the sound thereof; yet cannot tell whither it goeth, nor whence it cometh.' So saith the 'Book of Books.' But for a moment or two to-day, we thought we *could* tell 'whence the wind came,' and 'whither it went.' We did not 'take rail' to town this morning, for a wonder, but staid 'at 'ome,' to perform some 'outside' professional labor for a friend, which required library consultation. It was a warmish early-March day; an inch-deep snow lay upon the brown-green grass, as we took our way over the gently 'rolling' meadows, tracking sanctum-ward from school a little girl and her smaller brother, by familiar foot-prints, (often seen in 'splosh' and mud,) along the upland slopes. All at once, there breathed over the landscape the first *Warm Spring Wind from the South*. Where do you think, in our 'mind's eye,' that breeze came from, and went to? 'It cometh,' said we, 'from the PAST, and it is going directly back to the sunny side of our old clustered barn-and-out-buildings; it is lifting the clean straw and hay-litter from the frozen snow-humps beneath, and scattering the 'barn-yard odors' of the same; brightening the great eyes of 'Old SPOT,' 'Old BRIN.,' the 'White' and 'Red' heifer, with all their sweet-breathed kith and kin; setting the hornéd ram and the 'Old Yoes' 'bah'-ing, and evoking from the long-tailed, crumbly-legged lamblings their short, musical 'eh-eh-eh! eh-eh-eh!' Then the airy messenger passed on, along the tops of the reddening forests; taking with him lazy wreaths of pale-blue smoke from several 'sap-works' which we 'once knew,' and ruffling the surface of overflowing bass-wood 'sap-troughs' or cedar 'sap-buckets,' which we so often had assisted to empty, when there was a 'freshet' from the nectareous maple. *This* is why we say, that we think we know where the first warm wind of spring, which but a moment ago melted upon our forehead, came from, and where it 'went to.' - - - THE friend and correspondent, from whom we have received several graphic and brief sketches of adventure in California, and who modestly mentions, that he leaves amendations, emendations, addings and clippings with confidence to the EDITOR, sends us, for this month, '*Hunting the Antelope*,' with the remark, in a private note: 'I am not vain enough to fancy that every 'screed' of mine is worth your attention; and if at any time you should concur with me in that opinion, it would be no more than I expect: although, to say the truth, it is a great pleasure to find one's self in such good company as is to be met with at your 'TABLE.' Its free-and-easiness is exactly to my taste:'

'OUR party was engaged in damming the San Joaquin River, about two miles below Fort Miller. While eating our usual dinner of pork-and-beans one day, one of us suggested, as numbers of antelope had recently been seen a few miles from our camp, that several members of our company be sent out to procure if possible a supply of venison. Accordingly, Judge HYORN, who had perhaps gained his distinguished title by presiding at a summary trial in the diggings; Captain RUDDER, formerly mariner; Doctor DRUG, and this relater were deputed to go forth for that purpose. So, getting a mule-team

of our neighbors of the 'Diving Bell Company,' we started merrily for the gunning-ground.

'Rattling along the road, which followed the course of the river, in a short time we entered a level bottom, skirting the stream for some miles, and fresh with waving grass. Suddenly a hare sprang from its hiding-place, and made off with the rapid jump peculiar to its species, but the Captain saw it in time, and fired with success, thus securing us a good supper.

'Having reached an eligible spot, our preparations for a substantial meal and a night's rest were soon made. A fire being built, the hare, after suitable seasoning, was roasted over the coals, and then eaten, with bread and tea, every body exhibiting a hearty gusto. Then came the pipes; and, after a pleasant smoke and chat, wrapped in our blankets, we stretched ourselves comfortably near the fire, where we slept soundly till early morning; the rest of us being aroused by 'the JUDGE,' who had already been looking after the mules. We had hobbled these animals, allowing them rope enough to enable them to feed freely without straying far from camp; but one of them had managed to extricate his feet — an old trick of his — and gone off toward home. Of course, we were provoked, and Jack was harshly denounced; but as he could not be conjured back, it was agreed that the representatives of the 'bench' and the 'blister' should go in search of him, while the remaining two would make the coffee and fry the pork.

'Our companions had not been long away before the growing daylight gave us a glimpse of the landscape, and, to our great delight, we saw feeding, not very far off, a couple of antelope. Taking our guns, we crept cautiously to the nearest covert, and awaited their approach to the stream, as they were coming in this direction, doubtless to drink. In this position we congratulated ourselves upon the lucky chance of shooting the first game, and were eager for the anticipated triumph, when the animals began to show some uneasiness, snuffing the air and looking suspiciously around. It was a moment of uncertainty; for the antelope is very susceptible of alarm from a concealed cause; yet the same object, if plainly seen, rather excites its curiosity, and often induces it to draw within rifle-range of the hunter. The Captain knowing this, therefore hoisted upon his gun a red handkerchief, and waved it gently to-and-fro. The lure was perfect, and in a little while the creatures timidly advanced; nearer and more near they came, until their proximity gave us complete confidence in our ability to hit them. 'Now,' whispered the Captain, and at once we both fired; immediately rushing upon the fallen beasts, terminating their struggles with our knives. Our friends, who luckily soon returned with the tricky Jack, were agreeably surprised at our success; and foretold a day's fine sport from so auspicious a beginning, which prophecy was wholly fulfilled.

'Let us here explain the nature of the ground round about us, that the reader may comprehend our subsequent manœuvres. The land next to the river, in width about a mile, and extending leagues in length, was quite level and low. This bottom was walled in by a range of hills, two hundred or three hundred feet in height; and the tops of these stretched out in flat tables for a considerable space; then, gradually taking an undulating shape, they merged into others which, growing by degrees in size, at last became assimilated with the distant Sierra Nevada.

'The antelope graze in the low-lands, congregating in herds varying in numbers from a few head to hundreds; and, as the fascination with which strange sights inspire them has been heretofore remarked, it was an easy matter to follow such a herd with mules and a wagon, pursuing them slowly toward the rising ground, whither they always flee. The hunters, watching from the brow of the acclivity, see every motion of the creatures as they approach the summit, which they do by the easiest path, when

those in ambush stealthily advance to meet them, and being generally able to choose their distance, may fire with fatal precision. At the report of a piece, however, those which escape a bullet precipitately disappear among the remote heights with more than race-horse speed.

'The first herd we encountered contained about thirty head, marshaled by a buck of superior size. As the writer, who was managing the team, drove toward them, they ceased feeding, and gazed a few moments with apparent wonder; then retreating some distance, again they paused to reconnoitre. These acts were repeated until the hill-slope was gained, when all, except the conspicuous male, moved unsuspectingly up a winding trail; he waited a little longer, then fleetly bounded after the rest. But two of them were marked as victims, as the cheers succeeding the crack of the rifles quickly announced. One was killed outright; but the other led its pursuers a wild chase before it was overtaken.

'In this manner we proceeded, with more or less success, until the day was nearly spent; several times engaging in foot-races after those that were disabled, nearly as exhilarating, from a sporting point of view, as if the baying of the deep-mouthed pack had proclaimed the pursuit.

'At last, beholding a large herd about a mile off, we concluded to have a final drive. This time the Doctor took the reins, and the relater his gun; all advancing to resume the exciting sport; he to make a circuit with the team around the quietly-feeding assemblage, and the others to do the shooting. From the edge of an eminence we anxiously observed the surprised multitude below as they made for a ravine, which had been washed out from the embankment by winter's heavy rains; but in an instant the entire herd, with united impulse, broke into a flying pace; and though we made haste to catch them at the hill-top, yet we were obliged to shoot as they skimmed the earth with steam-engine velocity. As the result of our shots only one fell; and it lay close to the brink of the declivity forming a side of the ravine.

'Now, as the Judge, who supposed the fallen antelope to be mortally wounded, drew near it to use his knife, the agonized animal sprang suddenly to its feet; and, as he stooped to seize it, in the twinkling of a star it plunged forward, planting its head in his stomach, instantly doubling him up, and producing an excruciating contortion of his countenance which would have aroused laughter in a serious family; at the same time tumbling him several feet down the bank, his fall being fortunately arrested by a friendly clump of bushes.

'The Captain, who witnessed the scene, dispatched the beast, and descended to the assistance of our friend. 'Hurt you much, Judge?' queried he, totally unable to restrain his risibility at this ludicrous overthrow of judicial dignity.

'Ah!' answered the man-of-law lugubriously, as he released himself from his entanglement, and stroked soothingly his contusions; 'ah! boys,' touching the tenderest part with an expression of grief quite indescribable, 'profit by my experience, and never imprudently attempt to take a live buck by the horns.'

'Considering this incident a climax to a pleasant time, we loaded up, and were soon travelling toward our claim; where, upon arriving with the carcasses of eight antelope, we were heartily welcomed by all whose appetites yearned for fresh food; and, as we shared liberally with others beside the owners of the team, the fame of our exploits spread abroad in the land.'

*Good 'hunters'-luck.* - - - We remember reading, some few months ago, in one of our New-Hampshire exchange-papers, an account of the death of a citizen-patriot, eighty-five years of age. The last words of the old veteran were: '*I want to see Mother!*' She had been dead more than forty years!



This incident has just been called to mind by the touching lines, '*Rock me to Sleep*,' sent us by an old friend and correspondent, now exiled from his early home and friends in far-off California :

'BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time! in your flight,  
Make me a child again — just for to-night!  
MOTHER, come back from the echoless shore,  
Take me again to your heart as of yore:  
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,  
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;  
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep —  
Rock me to sleep, Mother — rock me to sleep!

'Backward, flow backward, O swift tide of years!  
I am weary of toil, I am weary of tears:  
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,  
Take them, and give me my childhood again!  
I have grown weary of dust and decay,  
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away,  
Weary of sowing for others to reap:  
Rock me to sleep, Mother — rock me to sleep!

'Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue:  
Mother, O Mother! my heart calls for you!  
Many a summer the grass has grown green,  
Blossomed and faded, our faces between:  
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,  
Long I to-night for your presence again:  
Come from the silence so long and so deep,  
Rock me to sleep, Mother — rock me to sleep!

'Over my heart in the days that are flown,  
No love like mother-love ever has shone:  
No other worship abides and endures,  
Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yours:  
None like a mother can charm away pain  
From the sorrowing soul and the world-weary brain:  
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep,  
Rock me to sleep, Mother — rock me to sleep!

'Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,  
Fall on your shoulders again as of old:  
Let it fall over my forehead to-night,  
Shielding my eyes from the flickering light,  
For oh! with its sunny-edged shadows once more,  
Haply will throng the sweet vision of yore:  
Lovingly, softly its bright billows sweep —  
Rock me to sleep, Mother — rock me to sleep!

'Mother, dear Mother! the years have been long  
Since last I was hushed by your lullaby song:  
Sing, then again! — to my soul it shall seem  
Womanhood's years have been only a dream;  
Clasp to your arms in a loving embrace,  
With your soft, light lashes just sweeping my face,  
Never hereafter to wake or to weep:  
Rock me to sleep, Mother — rock me to sleep!'

Who wrote these lines? They are brim-full of tears: and we envy not the man who can read them without emotion. - - - 'DR. F. TUMBLETY,' Indian Herb-Doctor from Canada, not a great way from one of our first metropolitan hotels, makes quite a 'splash' in the advertising columns of our daily contemporaries. He wants no pay for consultations; he stipulates for no description of symptoms: all he desires is the patient. *That desideratum* supplied, he looks at him — and the *diagnosis* of his complaint is established. TUMBLETY may not be a humbug: it were perhaps ungracious so to term him: but he is open to the reasonable objection of being nearly related to a bug of that



'specie,' which bears *almost* the same name. 'Exemplia:' to-day was warm and pleasant: the hill-roads were dry — indeed well-nigh dusty. Fetching our walk to the 'Upper Station,' to take the cars of the mid-day train of our invaluable, most commodious, and most accommodating '*Northern Railroad of New-Jersey*,' we met Dr. TUMBLETY's relation in the very middle of the road. Our Mr. TUMBLETY was humming and toiling; quick in motion; resolute; bearing down and conquering all obstacles 'in his *path*.' He was propelling before him a small ball, of about the size of a 'chaney-alley' marble, such as our youngest hope gets 'chiseled' out of, when he 'flips fair' with the school-urchins, who can play better than *he* can. Fussy and 'pompious' TUMBLETY BUG seemed to say with Senator BENTON, when he moved the celebrated JACKSON 'Expunging Resolutions:': '*Solitary and alone, I set this ball in motion!*' That '*was so*,' too: but while we pondered upon the *object* of the humbugeous, insectual laborer, lo! he vanished from our sight, 'and we saw him no more.' - - - Our charming young friend and correspondent 'HILDEGARDE,' of Tarrytown, should scarcely have given us the permission which she does in the opening of her pleasant notelet; for we *did* lay it aside, it would seem; nor did we come across it again until a few moments ago, when we encountered it snugly laid away between the covers of a volume which we had reviewed in our 'Literary Notice' department for February. Our fair, fresh-hearted young friend cannot permit us to hear from her too frequently:

'Tarrytown, Jan. 16, 1861.

'MY DEAR MR. CLARK: Before you read this note I warn you that there is little in it which is worth your perusal, if you have much to do; so when you have read as far as this, put it in one of your pockets; but promise me to read it all *some* time. I felt that I should like to write to you, for there is a bond of sympathy between us—we both loved Mr. IRVING, and both cherish his memory!

'I live in the country, and being a young girl, not yet 'out,' I still enjoy the pleasure of having plenty of time to think. These cold winter nights I love to sit by the large wood fire in our library and meditate—no, not meditate: I never do any thing so wise as *that*: I dream. You know one can't control one's thoughts when dreaming; and to-night I seemed to be in the little library at Sunnyside, standing by the writing-table, with one hand resting on the old port-folio, and the other clasped by Mr. IRVING.

'Yes, I do get tired writing sometimes,' he said.

'I wish I could help you, Mr. IRVING: I would sit by the table and write, while you could lie on the couch by the window and dictate to me. I do not write well, but I would try *very* hard for you.' I was very earnest.

'Ah! my dear, I am afraid if you were sitting near me I should forget every thing but you. What would then become of that last volume of WASHINGTON?'

'Good-night, my little amanuensis,' he said, as he kissed me when I went home.

'Again I was with Mr. IRVING: some time had elapsed, and 'that last volume' was completed.

'You never came to write for me, though I expected you every day,' he said, shaking his head reproachfully, yet smiling as he spoke.

'Were you really in earnest?—*might* I have come?'

'Yes, darling: I only wanted to be urged.'

'Again in my dream I think—*was* he really in earnest?'

'My thoughts here wandered a little; and then I seemed to hear my father's laugh as he came home from a meeting of the vestry of our church.

'Shall I tell you the decision about the enlargement of the church?' he asked, drawing his chair close to the wood-fire.

'Yes, father: what was it?'

'Well, the vestry-men were divided; some wanted the addition to be built of brick, while others thought wood to be much better. They could not agree; and at last determined that Mr. IRVING, who had not yet given his opinion, should decide for them. He arose:

'Gentlemen, in order to satisfy all parties, I propose that the addition be made of wood, and be painted in imitation of brick.'

'Here, as I laughed when my father concluded, the sound of my voice dispelled my dream, and then I thought of writing it to you. If I have interested you for a few moments, perhaps some day I shall be tempted to write to you again.'

'That's a dear good girl!' *do so.* - - - FROM Pittsburgh, the 'Iron City,' these: 'Will the EDITOR of the KNICKERBOCKER allow me to contribute a true item to his 'own peculiar' portion of that 'widely well-known' magazine? In these days of fast living and fast trading, wholesale merchants have frequent use for the reports of country dealers furnished by the mercantile agency. These reports are sometimes correct and sometimes contradictory. The following is the report furnished to a house in this city:

Mr. X. Y. —, — Co., Pa.:

March, 1859: Dead.

April, " Quit business.

July 15, " Not dead, never has been: a Drover, and not selling goods.

July 23, " Honest, active: worth three thousand dollars.'

Valuable institution, *that 'Agency!'* - - - A FRIEND, writing from Athens, Maine, has established the reputation of an enamoured bard on the 'Pacific Slope,' in this brief note: 'Knowing that you sometimes publish in the KNICKERBOCKER rare productions from those poets whose names as yet have never been penciled on the obelisks of fame, or round whose brows APOLLO has never yet wreathed his crown of laurel, I venture to offer for your consideration the following 'pome,' which has recently come into my possession, written by a California poet, to a young lady in a neighboring town. Who hereafter shall dare to deny that, 'Westward the course of poetical empire takes its way?' or who, with such an effusion before his eyes, will approach the altar of the 'Spirit of Poetry,' but with mingled feelings of reverence and awe? California is not only a 'land of gold,' but of 'song' also. The brilliant flashes of genius of our own HARMON, even, must 'pale their ineffectual fires' before the 'coming man.' It would seem by the orthographical construction of the production, that upon our Pacific poet there rests a strange and unaccountable '*spell!*' Hence, for this, of course, we should make all reasonable allowance. His style of versification and originality of thought, however, are his, and his only. Here is the poem, *verbatim et literatim*:

FEB. 14 1861.

'Oh, Laldy please excuse a line from me  
Thy friend thy beauty to me has extoled  
Thy black eyes and thy raven curls  
Me thinks I see them now  
Flitting like Some Nymph or Sea farrey  
before my Eyes yet it is but fancy

I near could hope thy beauty to See  
 Unless you come O'er the dark blue Sea  
 Per, chance you may have some loved one  
 That would thy lonley heart chere  
 Then lady I must lament my lonley lot  
 Yet thy dark eyes and raven curls I'll  
     near forgot

YOUR. VALENTIN.'

APPROPOS of California swains, sighing in sad verse, there is another one out there by this time: for thus from Red Wines, Minnesota, (singular name of a place!) writes 'B. D.,' an old subscriber, and genuine lover of the KNICKER-BOCKER:

'I HAVE NO *penchant* for 'literary honor;' but I *do* enjoy, with a keen delight, the perusal of your Magazine, which is received regularly by our book-seller. Your 'Editorial Gossip,' found in each number, is invariably read 'first of all.' It has just reminded me of a fragment from the yeomanry-class of people of 'Old Tennessee,' which has lain in my drawer for the last two years unappreciated; receiving encomiums from no person, be he muse or stoic. I inclose the article for your consideration, not so much on account of its being a production of S — r county, as that it satisfies so uniquely the old phrase: 'I have *heard* of such, but never *saw* it before.' It came to my notice through the negligence of one of the students, who it seemed prized the production highly; for there were great inquiries a few mornings after, for 'a mighty nice song' that had 'ben' lost. It was said to have been 'wrote' by a young 'feller' that 'his father had turned off, and would n't keep him,' and he went 'to Calerforny.' The search for it proving useless, a messenger was despatched 'over the ridge to where the original manuscript is kept' for another copy. One morning soon after, on entering the school-room, I found the school, large and small, deep in the praises of a 'mighty good song,' which was, 'O yeoup!' the 'prettiest song out!' The song was straightway produced for my perusal, and all gathered round to hear the commendations which they felt sure must follow the 'winding up' stanza. Who the 'pote' is, I regret that I cannot say. To ascertain this point we must wait for the rising of an immortal bard in California, 'beyond that distant mountain.' That he possessed the genuine afflatus is manifest in the fact that the larger part of the capital letters are found at or near the left-hand-end of the lines. Notice the last line of the first stanza: how highly-wrought, yet how life-like and true to nature! What passion is poured into the second verse! It is fuller of pathos than a melon is of seeds. How rare the thought of the third verse! and how fresh the expression, which is the more heightened by the delicate and *unisonous* discrimination set forth in the last line. The appropriateness of the close is highly captivating; and in connection with the rest of the production, suggests the beautiful words of King RICHARD II., as he was being led to his prison at Pomfret, and was baulked to contrive how he should compare it to the world:

'For because the world is populous,  
 And here is not a creature but myself—  
 I cannot do it.'

'But I submit it entire to your readers' admiration:

'To Hannah Jane.

- '1 I AM a man of constant sorrow  
 I have seen trubble in my days  
 I'll Bid farewell to S — r county  
 the place Whare I Was partly Raised
- '2 I have oftimes thought I have seen truble  
 But now I no its coming on  
 I'll Bow my hed like an humble Christian  
 And to Calafornia I'll go on.

'3 farewell my friends and Dear Relations  
I now must bid you all farewell  
it Grieves my heart that I have to leave you  
and Grief lies on me like A Spell

'4 And When Beyond that Distant mountain  
I'll Cast a lingering wish Behind  
I have some friends that has proved faithful  
But one to me has proved unkind

'5 and if I never more chance to meet you  
till at the Bar of God we meet  
there all our Joys will Be completed  
amen When we surround the throne.

'F. P. C — s.'

A 'true and certified copy!' - - - 'Up here in the Sullivan Hills,' ('Pike-Pond,' where we have caught y<sup>e</sup> fishes afore-time,) 'it once gave us great pleasure to see almost any human being: we lived in peace and quietness: our doors were fastened with a latch, and we often left our houses with the latch-string hanging out; but owing to foreign importation, manners and customs are very much changed, as the following will show: There was a new married couple: the husband was some distance from the house: the wife was sent for by an elder sister living on an adjoining farm. She first put the cold meats on the table for her husband's dinner; then took the slate, wrote an account of the dinner, and where she had gone: that she had locked the door, and that he would find the key under the bee-hive; hung the slate on the door-knob, and went her way. The dominie was making calls that morning; found the slate as left; read the directions; went over to the house where the two sisters were: told them he had read the directions on the slate, examined and found every thing exactly according to the writing thereon! Was n't that a little 'cool' for a minister of the 'old school?' - - - Who sends us this 'Classical Anecdote?'—and is it 'founded?' Expect not: 'VENUS once complimented LEDA on her children: 'Yes,' replied the swan-favored one, they were always 'good eggs.' - - - THE new and most superb work, '*Townsend and Company's Edition of the Complete Works of Charles Dickens*,' illustrated by DARLEY and GILBERT, (mainly by the former,) will receive adequate notice in our next. With *such* illustrators, fine and delicately-tinted paper, and 'Riverside-Press' printing, the reading public, meanwhile, may 'draw their own inference.' - - - THERE is room at the 'Table' for two little boys: one a 'Southerner,' and the other a 'Northerner.' Speak up, little Nashville-ian, and you too, little Trojan:

'A FRIEND of mine, who has a 'two-year-old' boy, remarkable for his sprightliness, related to me the following: 'During the late Presidential contest, the little fellow was very much interested in the various processions, mass-meetings, marchings and counter-marchings, with all their usual accompaniments of banners, music, hootings, cheers, yells, etc. One day he was discovered marching to-and-fro, the length of his father's porch, with a red silk handkerchief attached to a 'fishing-pole,' shouting at the top of his little voice: 'Hoo-waw for DON BELL! Hoo-waw for EN'D EV'ETT! Hoo-waw for UNKEE JAMES! Hoo-waw for PA!!'

'The 'grand climax' clearly indicating that boy's idea of the greatest man of his acquaintance!

TENNESSEE'

'I HAVE a little shaver who says a good many queer things. In the early part of autumn, before he was quite four years old, he took a notion to go with his two little

sisters and elder brother to school. Riding home with me one evening, brimful of enthusiasm and fun, having evidently 'made a good day of it,' he broke out in this wise: 'Oh! pa, pa! there is such a nice little girl comes to school! little KATY D——. Oh! oh! she's *such* a nice little girl! I *like* little KATY D——, pa!' (and looking me full in the face, with a voice slightly lowered, and an earnest motion of the head,) '*I'd marry her, Pa, if I knew how!*'

Yours truly,

E. H. V. B.

He may yet 'know how.' - - - THE '*London Illustrated Times*' charges that the late Count D'ORSAY employed other artists to produce, under his name, the works on which his supposititious fame was founded. We hope this is true: for judging from the engraved specimens which we have seen 'on this side,' the announcement is due to his reputation: but the names of the good-natured artists who 'worked for him' ought not to be made public. There would be a sort of 'refined cruelty' in this! - - - WAS ever such 'mitten' received as the little darkie brought me the other day in reply to my note of inquiry if Miss M—— 'would go,' etc. 'Mass' Jo,' said the little ebony, 'Miss M—— is sorry, but *she'd done gone, and begaged herself*' fore I got dah.' So writes 'MAHROG,' but from what place? - - - WE are glad to hear from our old friend and ancient correspondent, 'JUNIUS, Jr.' Speaking of the story of the beautiful MAGDALEN, of Philadelphia, mentioned two or three months ago in this department, he says: 'I almost wished I had been one of the hundred students, to have shed a tear over the ingenuous and gentle, though fallen lady you mention. May HEAVEN be kind to her! I am willing to bear my full share of the blame which belongs to our sex, whether I deserve it or not: but may God forgive the gentle and erring! I have met, in our wicked streets, some very singular cases of wretchedness, but without being able to account for them. This is a singular world. Much of it is quite mysterious. Human nature has some strange features. Let us not add to the sorrows of the broken-hearted! In our thoughtlessness, we may be

'REGARDLESS of wringing and breaking a heart,  
Already to sorrow resigned.'

'We should adhere strictly to that sacred injunction of the Koran: 'Thou shalt speak kindly unto her.' - - - MR. PARTON, author of the '*Life of AARON BURR*,' has written a '*Life of Andrew Jackson*,' issued in three handsome volumes by MASON BROTHERS, of which we shall have much to say in an ensuing number. Suffice it now to remark, that it is one of the most interesting, the most independent, and every-way *faithful* biographies we have ever read. The researches of the author were profound, his personal examinations not the less so. A list of more than two hundred publications is given, which he consulted, containing information respecting his illustrious subject, his times, and his contemporaries: while his acquisitions, during a tour 'in search of knowledge' in the Southern and South-western States, were somewhat of the largest: 'I visited,' he says, 'North-Carolina, where General JACKSON was born, and where he studied law, and was admitted to the bar; South-Carolina, where he grew from infancy into manhood; Tennessee, where he lived so long and so happily; Alabama, the scene of his early exploits; and other States, a third of the Union in all; receiving in each the recollections of men and women, bond and free, who knew him well, knew him at all periods of his life, lived near him, and with him, served him and were served by him. One

woman still lingers in extreme old age, who think she remembers him an infant in his mother's arms. With her I conversed; as also with the gentleman who caught the hero's head when it fell forward in death. I listened, also, to many who were always opposed to the man, and still like him not. Manuscript letters of the General's in great numbers were freely given me to copy, and other manuscripts only less valuable than these. Old files of Tennessee newspapers came to light, that were full of JACKSON and his early wild career.' Such a work as this cannot be properly treated in a merely brief *recording* paragraph like the present. - - - The lines '*To a Lady on Receiving a Present of Kröllers*,' ('crisp and crumbling *krüllers*,' WASHINGTON IRVING spells them,) must not be taken as referring to '*dough-nuts*,' either in subject or execution. If the concentrated and graceful '*Lines*' did not elicit a 'second edition' of the good old Dutch fabrication, then the 'Lady's heart is not what we take it to be:

'CERES depletes her golden fields,  
Her unctuous tribute Goshen sends;  
Cuba her juice nectareous yields,  
And warmth propitious VULCAN sends.

'Beneath CHRISTINA's dextrous hands,  
The plastic mixture grows apace;  
Lo! the rich KRÖLLER smiling stands,  
And finds at length symmetric grace.

'So 'neath the influence BEAUTY gives,  
How oft harmonious product glows!  
What once was dead now smiling lives,  
And rule from wild commotion flows.

'E'en in this humble cake I trace,  
Whene'er its unctuous joy I own,  
Emblem of all thy various grace,  
In one fair whole divinely thrown.

A. FISH SHELLEY.'

A small theme, 'largely' treated. - - - ONE especial PECK whom we wot of, and who is at least a bushel more than many men whom we know, speaking of the transplanted English cockneyism of the word '*party*,' now much in vogue among us, gives us its application in the following quotation. Nobody says now-a-days, 'I have some business with a friend down-town,' or 'I am engaged to meet a man:' oh, no: 'I have some business with a *party*:' 'I am going to meet a *party*.' What nonsense is such aping of apes! HAMLET was a clever '*party*:' but hear his language 'improved:' 'What a piece of work is a party! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god! The beauty of the world: the paragon of animals: and yet to me, what is this quintessence of dust? A party delights not me, nor woman either.' - - - As you pass by Number 51 Nassau-street, *do n't* 'pass by,' but 'drop in,' and 'take your eye and throw it' over the rare, curious and entertaining Books, new and old, which Mr. GEORGE P. PHILES has there displayed for examination and purchase. And while you are casting your eye over the Books, just keep up a 'running conversation' with the Book-seller, and see if you do n't find him 'thoroughly furnished unto every good book:' a fact of which you would hardly be in doubt, had you in advance perused his very neat *Priced-Catalogue*, with its quaint titles, and the pertinent characterizations of the goodly volumes bearing them, from eminent old-time and new-time scholars and *savans*.